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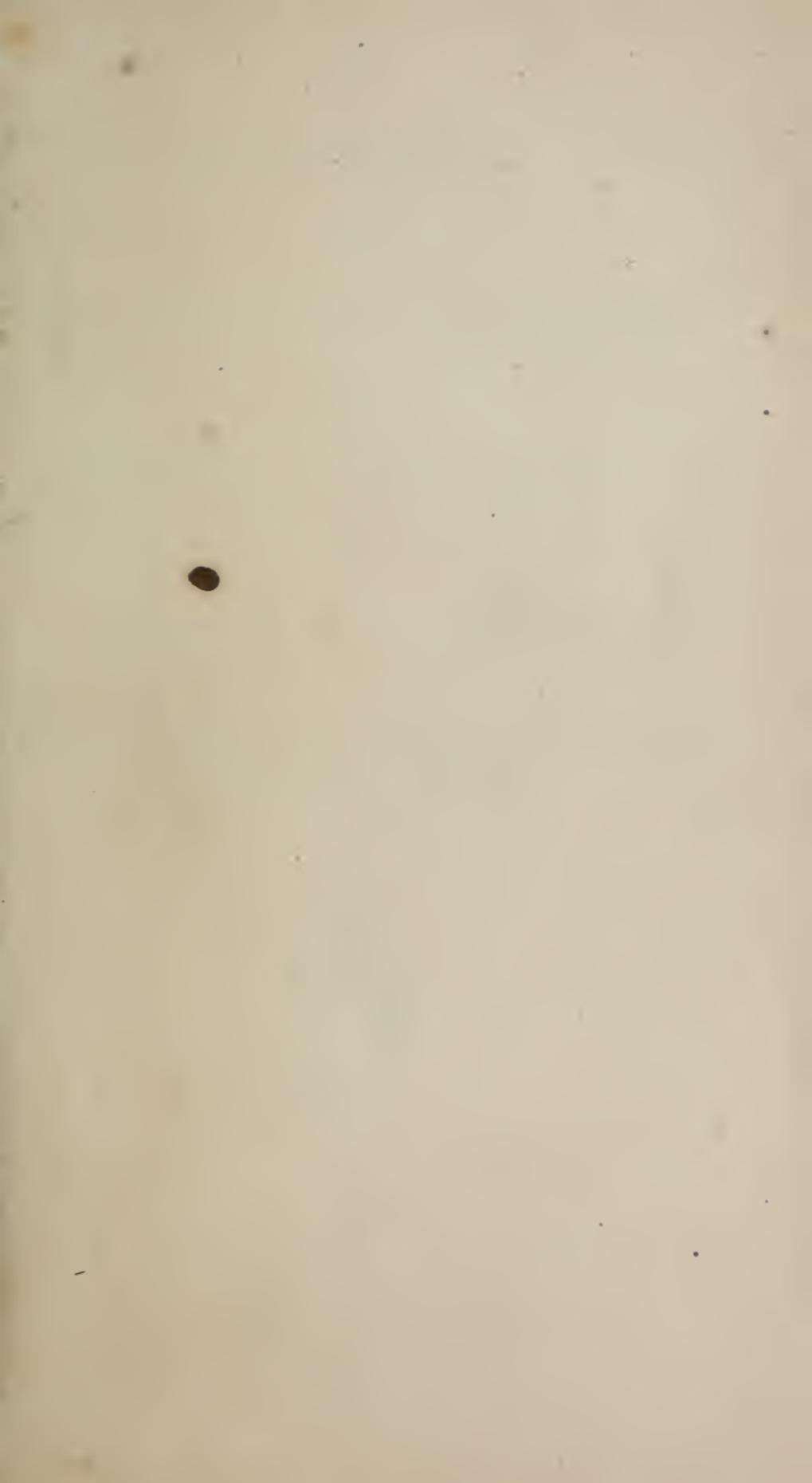
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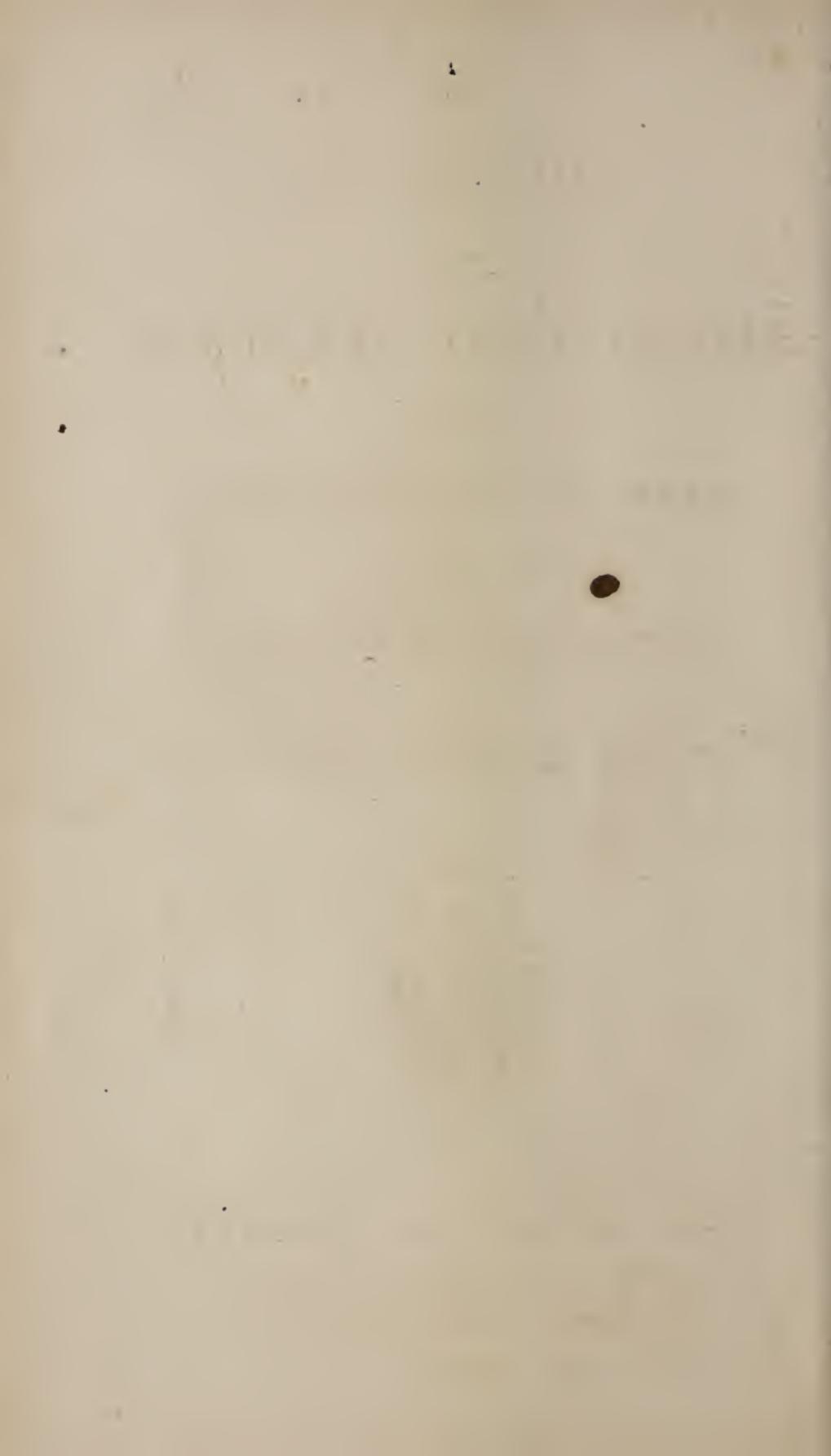
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THE
ADDITIONAL
AND
SELECTED HYMNS,
FROM
“HYMNS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,”
AND
“HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME.”

*PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF SEVERAL OF THE BISHOPS
BY TWO OF THEIR NUMBER.*



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PREFACE.

THIS Selection from the two books, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and "Hymns for Church and Home," has been made, at the request of several of the Bishops, by two of their number.

It is intended to be used in connection with our present authorized books, consequently the duplicates are omitted; forty from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and seventy-one from "Hymns for Church and Home." Other hymns are omitted, either in compliance with the report of a committee made to the House of Bishops in October last, or because not deemed available for common worship. Notwithstanding these reductions, this Selection numbers 389 Hymns, and when used as a supplement to those already authorized, will make the whole number 666.

The following Bishops have decided to authorize its use in their respective Dioceses:

THOMAS M. CLARK, *Bishop of Rhode Island.*

G. T. BEDELL, *Assistant Bishop of Ohio.*

A. C. COXE, *Bishop of Western New York.*

B. B. SMITH, *Bishop of Kentucky.*

C. P. McILVAINE, *Bishop of Ohio.*

ALFRED LEE, *Bishop of Delaware.*

JOHN JOHNS, *Bishop of Virginia.*

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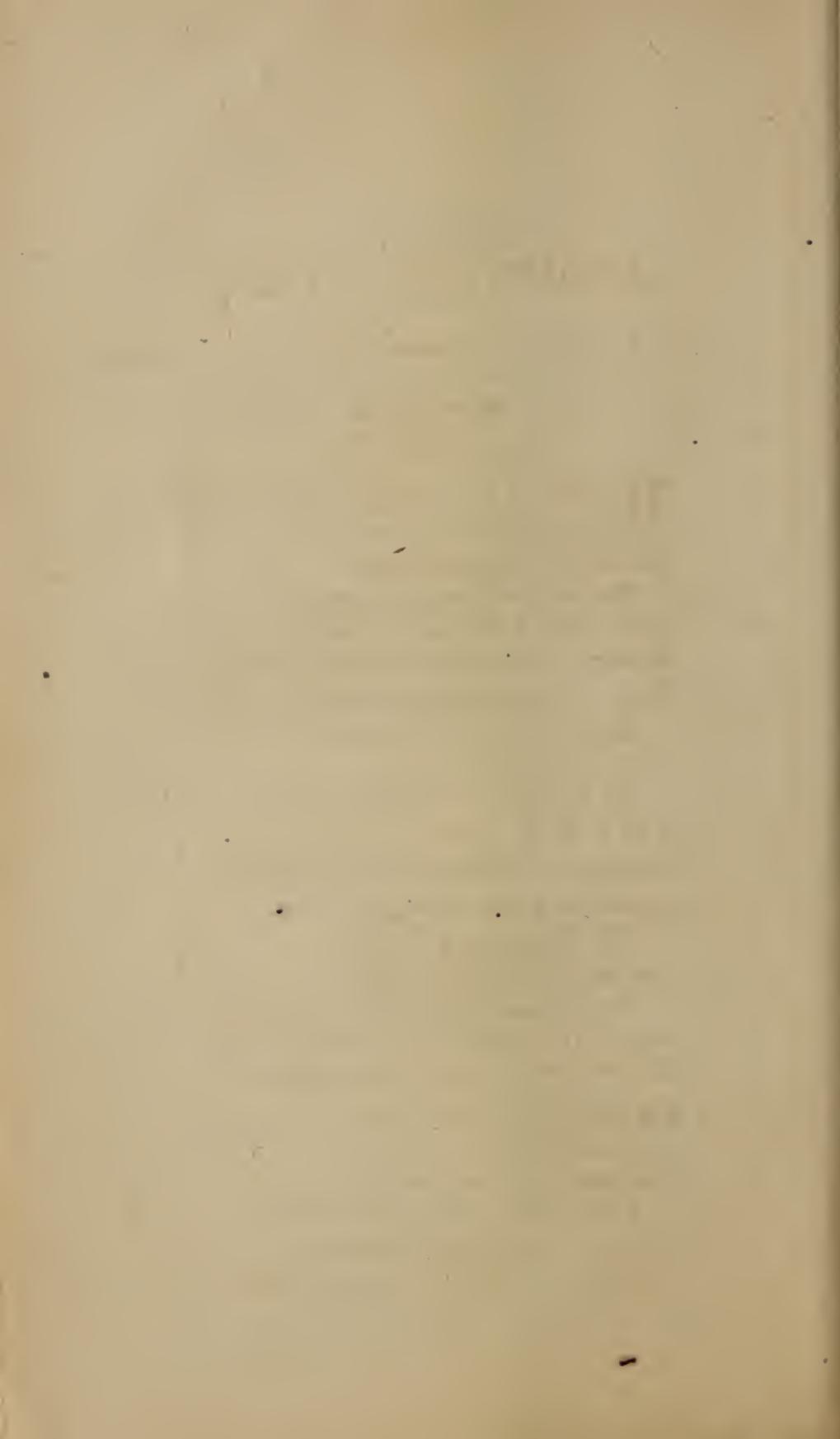
THOMAS H. VAIL, *Bishop of Kansas.*

GEO. M. RANDALL, *Miss. Bishop of Colorado, etc.*

J. B. KERFOOT, *Bishop of Pittsburgh.*

GEO. D. CUMMINS, *Assistant Bishop of Kentucky*

F. M. WHITTLE, *Assistant Bishop of Virginia.*



ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Redemption.

HYMN 213. II. 4.

Mercer. 330

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- HYMN 214. C. M. *Mercer, 154*
B.C.P. 214
- T**HREE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ; *P.H. 56*
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The Church.

HYMN 215. III. 3.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode ;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 216. C. M.

Mercer 403

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 6 Then, Lord of Hosts, be thou our Guide;
And we, at thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach thy blessed land.

HYMN 217. C. M.

A. M., 263

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below —
He follows in his train.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save :
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came :
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame :
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
 Who follows in their train ?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed :
- 8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

Advent.

HYMN 218. III. 3.

ATM. 33

- HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
 “ Christ is nigh ! ” it seems to say,
“ Cast away the works of darkness,
 O ye children of the day ! ”
2. Wakened by the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Rises in the morning skies.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, in godly sorrow,
 Through his blood to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next he comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May we by his love be shielded !
 May he to forgive draw near !

HYMN 219. III. 3.

- S**EE, He comes ! whom every nation,
 Taught of God, desired to see,
Filled with hope and expectation
 That He would their Saviour be.
Sing ! oh sing with exultation !
 Haste we to our Father's home !
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
 Now from heaven to earth are come !
- 2 See, He comes ! whom kings and sages,
 Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Distant climes and countless ages,
 Waited eager to behold.
Sing ! oh sing with exultation !
 Haste we to our Father's home !
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
 Now from heaven to earth are come !
- 3 See ! the Lamb of God appearing !
 God of God, from heaven above !
See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering
 His own bride with words of love !
Glory to the Eternal Father,
 Glory to the Incarnate Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
 Glory to the Three in One !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 220. C. M.

B.C.P. p. 165

- **N**OW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim !
The chief of all the sons of men,
Who will not welcome him ?
- 2 Rejoice, the hour is near ! At length
The Journeyer, on his way,
Comes in the greatness of his strength,
To keep his festal day.
- 3 Oh ! let the streams of solemn thought
Which in his temples rise,
From deeper sources spring, than aught
Born of the changing skies.
- 4 Then, though the summer's pride departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

HYMN 221. C. M.

B.C.P. p. 150

- O**NCE more, O Lord, thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid :
For, not in weakness clad thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.
- 2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh ! who can understand ?
Or who abide, when thou in wrath
Shalt lift thy holy hand ?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale ;
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
 Our time in trembling here,
 That when upon the clouds of heaven
 Thy glory shall appear,
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,
 In triumph we may rise,
 And enter, with thine angel train,
 Thy palace in the skies.

HYMN 222. L. M.

Adm. 172

- H**OSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
 2 Hosanna, Lord ! ^{Hosanna in the highest!} thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply :
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care
 Return to this, thy house of prayer :
 Assembled in thy sacred Name,
 Here we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Christmas.

B.C.P.b. 158

HYMN 223. III. 3.

P.H. 31

- H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
Joyous seraphim reply :
“ Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 “ Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven !
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.
- 4 “ Christ is born, the great Anointed :
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
Oh ! receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !
- 5 “ Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high ! ”

New Year.

HYMN 224. III. 1.

*March 114
Benefic.*
WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy Word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Epiphany.

13. C. P. b. 163.

HYMN 225. P. M.

P. H. 42

Mercy 115

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall :
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Lent.

HYMN 226. P. M.

13, C, P, 168.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep :
Prone, like Peter, to deny,
Like Peter, I would weep.
Let me be by grace restored ;
On me be all long-suffering shown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow :
Let thy pity help afford,
And while I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

HYMN 227. L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer :
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Passion Week.

HYMN 228. C. M.

- A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

13. C.P. 173 HYMN 229. III. 3. 246

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus ;
Hail, thou Galilean King ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- Thou didst suffer to release us :
Thou didst free salvation bring !
- Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By thy merit find we favour ;
Life is given through thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven, —
Man is reconciled to God.
- 3 Jesus, low we bow before thee,
Mediator glorified !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side ;
There for sinners thou art pleading, —
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, never ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Good Friday.

HYMN 230. III. 2. a.m., 103

G O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormword and the gall ;
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
“It is finished !” — hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

HYMN 231. II. 6.

Adm. 97

O H, sacred head, now wounded !
With grief and shame weighed down !
Oh, sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown !
Oh, sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

- 2 On me, as thou art dying,
O turn thy pitying eye !
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To praise thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end !
Oh, make me thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying ;
 Oh, show thy cross to me !
And to my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
 From thine eyes shall not move ;
For he who dies believing
 Dies safely through thy love.

.HYMN 232. II. 4.

THE atoning work is done,
 The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great High-Priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkles with his blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withheld
 His purposes of love ;
But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
 His place of service is ;
In heaven itself he stands ;
 A heavenly Priesthood his.
In him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 And though awhile he be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
 Their great High-Priest again ;
In brightest glory he will come,
 And take his waiting people home.

Easter.

HYMN 233. III. 1. *Adm. 107*

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holiday ;
Who did once upon the cross
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

- 3 But the pains which he endured
Our salvation have procured ;
Now above the sky he 's King,
Where the angels ever sing,

Hallelujah !

Ascension.

HYMN 234. L. M. *Adm. 121*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Glorious, to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There for him high triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves :
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.
- 6 Master (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

HYMN 235. L. M.

Am. 157.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high-priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Whit-Sunday.

HYMN 236. L. M.

B.C.P. 189

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

- 2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee !
- 4 Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.
- 5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

HYMN 237. S. M. March 221

LORD God, the Holy Ghost, B.C.P. 189
In this accepted hour,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power ;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

3 Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

HYMN 238. C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
Of tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

- 4** Though tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

Trinity Sunday.

HYMN 239. III. 5. 13.C.P.b.194

HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with his righteousness ;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

- 2** Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in thy name,—
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

- 3** Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love !
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

- 4** God the Lord, through every nation
Let thy wondrous mercies shine !
In the song of thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine !
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them thine.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 240. P. M. *Adm. 220*

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing

Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the spirit-blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of Truth and Love,

Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4 Blessed and Holy Three,

Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Light !

Through the world, far and wide,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Let there be light !

Thanksgiving-day.

HYMN 241. L. M.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year ;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled ;
No blasting winds our path assailed.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garners stored !
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace ;
Time of decision, awful hour !
Around it let no tempests lower !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love !

HYMN 242. II. 4. B.C.P. p.199

BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King..

- 2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay —
Gifts of thy hand.

- 3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Shine in thy Word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen !

May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone ;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

5 And when in power he comes,
Oh, may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band ;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

Confirmation.

HYMN 243.

St. Saviour's.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

HYMN 244. C. M. 354

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own ;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.
- 4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove ;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love !
- 5 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

13.C.P.6.207 The Lord's Supper. P. H. 72.
HYMN 245. P. M. Mercer. 449

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead :

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Sunday-schools.

HYMN 246. C. M. Mercer. 331.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The path of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

B.C.P. p. 219

(Barnby)
Funerals.

HYMN 247. P. M.

Mercer. 467

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;

Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,

And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,

Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,

Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide :

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;

And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Prayer.

HYMN 248. III. 1. *March 43*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

Repentance.

HYMN 249. III. 1.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 I have long withheld his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.
- 4 Lo ! for me the Saviour stands ;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands ;
God is Love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Faith.

HYMN 250. P. M.

P. H. 67

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone.
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Meier, 360

HYMN 251. C. M.

- FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
“ For me the Saviour died.”
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin !
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

- 4 Th’ atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 252. L. M.

- JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my ‘mansion in the skies,
E’en then shall this be all my plea,
“ Jesus hath lived and died for me.”
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 Oh ! let the dead now hear thy voice ;
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice ;
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Love.

HYMN 253. C. M.

atm. 157

JESUS ! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

- 3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art !
How good to those who seek !

- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

- 5 Jesus ! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus ! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

HYMN 254. C. M.

atm. 8d

MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby ;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

- 2 But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

HYMN 255. C. M. *atm. 185.*

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
 I 'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death.

Praise.

HYMN 256. III. 3.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Heaven is still with anthems ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
“Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
 “Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !”

- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthems flow.
- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
“Holy, holy, holy”—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High !

HYMN 257. L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from thee ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

B.C.P.p.231. ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 258. C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 2** Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the Altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 3** Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call ;
The God incarnate ! Man divine !
And crown him — Lord of all !
- 4** Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 5** Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormword and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 6** Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him — Lord of all.

HYMN 259.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise :
Alleluia.
For the glory of their King,
Shall the ransomed people sing ;
Alleluia.
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall reëcho through the sky
Alleluia.
They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.

2 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite

Your Alleluia.

3 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing

Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.

4 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn and cry again
Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia.

Here let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry
Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth and continents reply
Alleluia.

5 To God who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluia.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves,

Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves,

Alleluia.

Therefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord :

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore :

Praise be done to the Three in One !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

Peace.

HYMN 260. C. M. *Worship, 381*

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !

A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me ;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;

Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;

Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within ;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

HYMN 261. C. M.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
 And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
 Or night is never seen.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
 In God's own light it lies ;
His smile its vast dimension fills
 With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
 Divides that land from this ;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
 And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
 In life's last struggling breath ;
But I shall only seem to die,
 I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be
 Exempt from toil and strife ;
To spend eternity with thee,
 My Saviour, this is life !

HYMN 262. C. M.

- O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way, —
Shall I resist them both ?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !
- 6 But oh ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway !
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

B.C.P. p. 264

HYMN 263. P. M.

- M**Y Saviour, as thou wilt !
Oh, may thy will be mine ;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done,
- 2 My Saviour, as thou wilt !
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done !
- 3 My Saviour, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

4 My Saviour, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !

Daily Devotion.

HYMN 264. II. 5. *A.D.M. 14*

A BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay on all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN 265. L. M. *atm. 6*

FORTH in thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to that glorious day.
- 3 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 266. C. M. *Melody, 358*

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life !
Sweet source of life divine,
And — all harmonious names in one —
My Saviour ! thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 267. P. M.

NEARER, my God, to thee !

Nearer to thee !

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone, —
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven :
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

HYMN 268. L. M. *A. M. 11*

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Death.

HYMN 269. L. M.

- A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its painful sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
- Duplicate of 499*

HYMN 270. S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
The golden gates appear!

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
 Expand thy bow of peace.

B.C.P. 133. HYMN 271. C. M. A.M. 180

- J**ERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee !
- 2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl :
 O God ! if I were there !
 - 3 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In his felicity !
 - 4 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.
 - 5 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
 The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.
 - 6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;
 For evermore they spring,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

And all the nations of the earth,
To thee their honors bring.

- 7 Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

HYMN 272. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'll launch away.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Judgment.

HYMN 273. P. M.

atm. 221

DAY of wrath ! that day of mourning !

See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded :
Thence shall justice be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 When shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me.
- 11 Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning !
- 13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition ;
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !
- 15 With thy favored sheep, oh, place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition ;
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in thy dread keeping !
- 19 To the rest thou didst prepare him
By thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him ;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

Eternity.

HYMN 274. *B.C.P. 202.*

LET me not, thou King Eternal,
Enter hell's domain infernal !
Where is grieving, where is sadness,
Where is sorrow, where is madness,
Where despair is ever sighing,
Where the worm is never dying,
Where the shameless are astounded,
Where the guilty are confounded.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 Me, may Zion welcome, saved ;
Tranquil city, seat of David ;
God its builder, light immortal :
Orient pearl each blazing portal ;
Crystal gold its streets ; the nation
Of the blest its population ;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the guard that dwells around it.
- 3 With what joyous gratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations !
What the warmth of their embracing !
What the gems thy walls engraving !
Through that city's streets are wending,
Holy throngs, their anthems blending ;
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious !

HYMN 275. *a.m. 142*

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
Oh, happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

- 3 Oh, sweet and blessed country !
The home of God's elect ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

HYMN 276. *Am. 142*

- JERUSALEM, the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await me there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 3 And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow !
Oh, state that fear'st no strife !
Oh, royal land of flowers !
Oh, realm and home of life !
- 4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

HYMN 277. *a.m. 142*

FOR thee, oh dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 Oh one, oh only mansion ;
Oh Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
- 3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Holy Scriptures.

278 (1 Ch. & H.) L. M. *Marrow,*

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

279 (2 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky :
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

280

(4 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

- I**SRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the Gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour pass.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door.
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To make the sinner's peace with God.
- 3 The scapegoat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
“Behold ! I bear your sins away.”
- 4 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea,
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

SELECTED HYMNS.

5 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me !

281

(201 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Thy word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths.”

L ORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !
- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee ! Amen.

Creation.

282

(10 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- I** SING the almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2** I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day :
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3** I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4** Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes,
 Though I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5** There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
- 6** Creatures, as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There 's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.
- 7** In heaven are seen his beams of love,
 His wrath in hell beneath :
 'T is on his earth I stand or move,
 And 't is his air I breathe.
- 8** His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye :
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is forever nigh ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Providence.

283

(11 Ch. & H.) C. M.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide ;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,

Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;

The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen

For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

5 And thronging round, with steadfast love,

They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And soothe our souls to rest.

6 And when our spirits we resign,

On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

284

(13 Ch. & H.) II. 5.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

- 2 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

285

(197 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"Lord, thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another."

- O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;

• SELECTED HYMNS.

Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Redemption.

286

(15 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
One spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh ! amazing love,
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their everlasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
Yet, though ye raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

287

(16 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name ;
By thee the joyful news

SELECTED HYMNS.

Of our salvation came, —
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Our guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
Thy powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :
Thine is the power ; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

288

(17 Ch. & H.) S. M.

Mercer. 296

NO blood of bird or beast,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience rest,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And reads her pardon there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

289

(19 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'T is music in the sinner's ears.
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks — and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe,
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame for joy.

290

(20 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, — Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness
And every transgression,

SELECTED HYMNS.

His blood flows most freely

In streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb

Who hath bought us our pardon ;

We 'll praise him again

When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded.

To Jesus repair ;

He calls you in mercy,

And can you forbear ?

Though your sins be as scarlet

Still flee to the mountain,

That blood can remove them

Which streams from this fountain.

Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward,

Triumphantly glorious ;

O'er sin, death, and hell,

Thou 'rt more than victorious ;

Thy Name is the theme

Of the great congregation,

While angels and saints

Raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand

When escaped to that shore ;

With our harps in our hand

We will praise him the more ;

We 'll range the sweet fields

On the banks of the river,

And sing of salvation

For ever and ever.

Hallelujah, etc.

SELECTED HYMNS.

291

(168 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

TO the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay ;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'T is the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'T is the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near ;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessed Name revere ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Holy Jesu, thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there. Amen.

292

(193 Anc. & M.) II. 2.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

FROM highest heaven th' Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer, and to die ;
For love of sinful man he bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

- 2 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died, his flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe ;
With angels round the throne above
O tell the wonders of his love,
The joys that from his mercy flow.
- 3 In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way.
Or hope of aught beyond the grave ;
But he hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever strong to save.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice ;
Sing out and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heaven and earth adore ;
To him who gave his only Son,
To God the spirit, with them One,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Church.

293

(23 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
The only watchword — Love ;
From many temples though it rise,
One song ascending to the skies.

- 2 Head of the church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew !
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

294

(25 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HEAD of the hosts in glory !
We joyfully adore thee,
Thy church below,
Blending with those on high —
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy
Forever glow !

- 2 Angels ! archangels ! glorious
Guards of the church victorious !
Worship the Lamb !
Crown him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right —
Love, Majesty, and Might —
The great I AM !

- 3 Martyrs ! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round :
Wave high your banners, wave !
Your God, our Saviour, cleave

SELECTED HYMNS.

For Death itself a grave,—
In hell profound !

- 4 Saints ! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet !
- 5 Then raise the song of gladness,
To dissipate our sadness,
And dry our tears ;
We wend our weary way
Up to the realms of day,
And watch and wait and pray,
Through hopes and fears !
- 6 Saviour, in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthron'd in power,
Grant, by thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour.

295

(27 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favour'd lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove :
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

But no changes
E'er can change Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

296

(28 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- KINDRED in Christ ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away
We 'll love and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

297

(29 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain ;
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost ;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

298

(34 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

AM. 307

PLEASANT are thy courts above,

In the land of light and love ;

Pleasant are thy courts below,

In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spirit longs and faints

For the converse of thy saints,

For the brightness of thy face,

King of glory, God of grace !

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length ;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through this world of sin ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place ;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard our erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

The Lord's Day.

299

(36 Ch. & H.) C. M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom !
- 3 O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell
By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

SELECTED HYMNS.

300

(37 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

- 1 GOD the Creator bless'd
The Sabbath of his rest ;
His six days' work had brought
The universe from nought ;
The heavens and earth before him stood,
He saw them and pronounced them good.
- 2 God the Redeemer bless'd
The Sabbath of his rest,
When all his suffering done,
The cross's victory won,
In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,
Then rising made a holier day,
- 3 And God the Spirit bless'd
That Christian Day of rest,
Where met with one accord
The servants of the Lord ;
To whom the Father's promise came,
Like rushing wind and living flame.
- 4 The church below has bless'd
And owns this day of rest,
When in her spousal dress
Of blood-bought righteousness,
Her happy spirit can rejoice
To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 They love the hallow'd day,
Who love to sing and pray ;
The day of rest they love,
Who seek their rest above :
They love the day of God in seven,
Who prize an antepast of heaven.

301

(38 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- 1 GOD is in his holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear ;
 Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord appear.
- 2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
 Throned upon the mercy-seat :
Saints rejoice ! and sinners tremble !
 Each prepare his God to meet :
 Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.
- 3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
 Him with prayers of faith surround ;
Hearken to his glorious Gospel,
 While the preacher's lips expound :
 Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.
- 4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
 O thou Great Unsearchable !
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
 Thou with man art pleased to dwell ;
 Welcome, welcome,
God with us, Emmanuel.

302

(39 Ch. & H.) S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice :
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
 And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame,
 From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

303

(40 Ch. & H.) L. M.

Mercer. 33

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found ;
And every place is hallow'd ground.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here too our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And open heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

304

(41 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

Mercer. 490

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !

SELECTED HYMNS.

To thine abode my heart aspires
With warm desires to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest ;
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

305

(42 Ch. & H.) C. M.

BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 This day I must with God appear ;
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

306

(43 Ch. & H.) **L. M.**

WITHIN thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed ;
Their faces, heavenward, Lord, were set,
Their solemn vows to thee they vowed.

- 2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
The far-spread family awoke,
The Lord's Day round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs ;
And still where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,
Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 5 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
Thy chasten'd ones have kiss'd the rod,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

307

(44 Ch. & H.) **L. M.**

WITH joy we hasten to the place
Where we our Saviour oft have met ;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

- 2 Though poverty be ours at home,
Or with affliction we be fed,
It makes amends if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

SELECTED HYMNS

3 We thank thee, for thy day, O Lord ;
Here we thy promised presence seek ;
Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
And grant us manna for the week.

308

(45 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- L ORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye ;
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of truth and grace,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

309

(46 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine ;
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 O, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

310

(47 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

IN thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
 Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor wearied be,
 Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
 Thee, thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceiv'd before ;
 Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

311

(48 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,

SELECTED HYMNS.

With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

312

(49 Ch. & H.) L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

313

(22 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" This is the day which the Lord hath made."

AGAIN the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

- 2 For by his flock their Lord declared
His resurrection should be shared ;
And they who trust in him to save
In him are risen from the grave.
- 3 We, one and all, of him possest
Are with exceeding treasures blest ;
For all he did and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share.
- 4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessed immortality,

SELECTED HYMNS.

True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all his gifts, and all our own.

- 5 And therefore unto thee we sing,
O Lord of Peace, Eternal King ;
Thy love we praise, thy name adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

314

(30 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made."

SIX days of labour now are past :
Thou restest, holy God ;
And with approving eye hath seen
That all is very good.

- 2 Blest is the seventh morn of light,
Hallowed for rest divine ;
Yet, Lord, a new creation needs
That mighty power of thine.

- 3 Ten thousand voices praise thy Name
In earth, and sea, and sky ;
But fallen man by sin has marred
The blissful harmony.

- 4 Come, Lord, create his heart anew ;
His heart of stone remove :
Then hymns of praise again shall rise,
The fruits of holy love.

- 5 Oh ! for the songs that thou wilt bless,
Where heart and voice agree ;
Oh ! for the prayers that plead aright
With thy dread Majesty.

- 6 All praise to God, the Three in One,
Who high in glory reigns ;
Who by his word hath all things made,
And by his word sustains. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Advent.

315

(32 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" His Name is called the Word of God."

- O HEAVENLY Word, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's Might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn ;
- 2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with thine own true love ;
That we, who hear thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.
- 3 And when as Judge thou drawest nigh
The secrets of all hearts to try ;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home ;
- 4 O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from thy Face at last ;
But with the blessed evermore
Behold and love thee and adore.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

316

(34 Anc. & M.) S. M.

' Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee.'

THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be ;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set his servants free.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
 To meet thy lowly King ;
 Nor let thy faithless heart despise
 The peace he comes to bring.
- 4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
 He soon will come again,
 And his true members all unite
 With him in heaven to reign.
- 5 Before the dawning day
 Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
 The old man all be put away,
 The new man all put on.
- 6 All glory to the Son,
 Who comes to set us free,
 With Father, Spirit, ever One,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

317

(35 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
 Make straight the way for God within ;
 Prepare we in our hearts a home,
 Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
 Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
 Without thy grace we waste away,
 Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out thine Hand,
 And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
 Shine forth, and let thy light restore
 Earth's own true loveliness once more.

SELECTED HYMNS.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whose Advent doth thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

318

(36 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel ;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here ;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

4 O come, thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

319

(38 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.”

THAT day of wráth, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

- 2 When shrivelling, like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner’s stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Amen.

320

(39 Anc. & M.) III. 5.

‘Behold he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see him, at
they also which pierced him.’

LO ! he comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Alleluia !
Christ appears on earth again.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Those dear tokens of his Passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
O come quickly !
Alleluia ! Amen.

21 (50 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

O WISDOM, who o'er earth below,
Forth from the mouth of God didst flow,
Draw nigh and help us when we call,
And strongly, sweetly order all ;
The path of prudence teach, that we
May dwell with thee eternally.

2 Ruler and Lord, draw nigh, draw nigh !
Who to thy flock on Sinai
Didst give, of ancient times, thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe ;
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save, O God, thine Israel.

3 Thou Rod of Jesse's stem, arise,
And free us from our enemies ;
And set us loose from Satan's chains,
And from the pit with all its pains :
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In haste to save thine Israel.

4 Key of the House of David, come !
Reopen thou our heavenly home !
Make safe the way that we must go,
And close the paths that lead below :
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save us, Lord, from sin and hell.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 O Orient Star, arise, draw nigh,
To give us comfort from on high ;
And drive away the gloom of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light :
Draw nigh, O Lord, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.
- 6 Holy of Holies, hear our cry,
Thou Majesty of God most High ;
Destroy our sins, thy people bless
With everlasting righteousness :
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And save thy captive Israel.
- 7 O thou on whom the Gentiles wait,
Who 'midst the nations shall be great ;
Thy church's chief and corner-stone,
Who in thyself hast made all one ;
O come and save, for thy dear sake,
Mankind whom thou of dust didst make !
- 8 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And loose thy captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
Comes now to thee, O Israel.

322

(52 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

Merton 80

LIIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show thy power in every nation,
O thou Prince of peace and love !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

- 4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release :
By the presence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

323

(54 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ?
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends !
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

324

(57 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead !
- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm ;
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene ? the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“ Rocks hide us ! mountains on us fall ! ”
Thy saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing — “ The Lord is come ! ”

325

(58 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still ;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

- 2 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale ;
Fresh o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.
- 3 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.
- 4 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
A loud hosanna sing ;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

SELECTED HYMNS.

326

(59 Ch. & H.) P. M.

Mosser, 393

THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side ;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

3 The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suff'ring Church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

4 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
Her absent bridegroom mourn ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Should she not wear the signs of grief
Until her Lord return ?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

- 5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall her beauteousness restore,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

327

(62 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

Mercer, 68

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise :
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear ;
And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of man appear.
- 4 But, though from his awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly ;
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

328

(63 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in each hand !
This before the throne their strain,—
“ Hell is vanquish'd — death is slain !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 "Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right ;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all ! "
- 3 Hasten, Lord ! the promised hour ;
Come in glory and in power ;
Still thy foes are unsubdued ;
Nature sighs to be renew'd.
- 4 Time has nearly reach'd its sum ;
All things, with the Bride, say, " Come ! "
Jesus ! whom all worlds adore,
Come and reign for evermore.

329

(64 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers !
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising ;
And soon will he draw nigh :
Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

- 3 Oh ! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, thou Sun so looked for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with thee !

330

B.C. Pt. 158 Christmas.

(65 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

Mercer. qd P. H. 34
ANGELS, from the realms of glory
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light ;
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations ;
 Ye have seen his natal star ;
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

331

(67 Ch. & H.) P. M.

42 a.m.

COME, hither ! ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing !
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King !
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord !
Oh, come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord !

- 2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies ;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

- 3 Hark, hark to the angels !
All singing in heaven,
“ To God in the highest
All glory be given ! ”
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

- 4 To thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth ;
True Godhead Incarnate !
Omnipotent Word !
Oh, come ! let us hasten
To worship the Lord !

SELECTED HYMNS.

332

(68 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MORTALS, awake ; with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with ecstasy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

333

(69 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
“ Glory be to God on high ; ”
Lord, unloose my faltering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil ;
Bleed and suffer in my room ?
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Master, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one ;
I will love thee without end.

334

(70 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

*7 Melody 109
P.H. 32*

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity ;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease ;
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet ;
Yield to him the homage meet ;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

335

(72 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his Name.

336

(73 Ch. & H.) C. M.

The presentation of Christ in the Temple.

L ORD at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !

- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasped the holy child !
- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried ;
" Behold thy servant dies ;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes :
- 4 " This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus ! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If thou be in my arms.

SELECTED HYMNS.

337

(42 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

- O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born, the King of angels:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
- 2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore him, &c.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come, let us adore him, &c.
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

338

(46 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"God was manifest in the flesh."

- O F the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,

SELECTED HYMNS.

He is Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore !

- 2 This is he whom seers in old time
 Chanted of with one accord ;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
 Promised in their faithful word ;
Now he shines, the long-expected :
 Let creation praise its Lord :
 Evermore and evermore !
- 3 O ye heights of heaven adore him !
 Angel hosts his praises sing !
All dominions bow before him
 And extol our God and King :
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Every voice in concert ring,
 Evermore and evermore !
- 4 Christ ! to thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to thee !
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore ! Amen.

339

(47 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy.”

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin’s Son.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice : "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds
ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man.
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn :
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.
- 5 Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :
Trace we the babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
Tread in his steps assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display :
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.
Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

New Year.

340

(239 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O. God,
Comfort thou his dying bed.
- 4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

341

(240 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is even in thee."

THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears ;

- 2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the Faith
Which saints of old believed.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness ;
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for thee.
- 6 O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise thee, year by year,
As angels do above.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

342

(79 Ch. & H.) P. M.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear ;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,

SELECTED HYMNS.

The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here

3 Oh ! that each in the day
Of his coming, may say,
“ I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do ! ”

Oh ! that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
“ Well and faithfully done ;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne ! ”

Circumcision.

343

(55 Anc. & M.) S. M.

“ And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, his Name was called Jesus.”

THE ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless Child.

3 His infant Body now
Begins our pain to feel ;
Those precious drops of blood that flow
For death the victim seal.

4 To-day the Name is thine,
At which we bend the knee ;
They call thee Jesus, child divine !
Our Jesus deign to be.

5 All praise, Eternal Son,
For thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
In glorious might above. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Epiphany.

344

(58 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" We have seen his star in the east."

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light ?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to his cradle bring.

- 2 See now fulfilled what God decreeed,
" From Jacob shall a star proceed ; "
And eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.
- 3 The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay ;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way :
Home, kindred, father-land; and all
They leave at their Creator's call.
- 5 O Jesu ! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use
- 6 All glory, Jesu, be to thee,
For this thy glad Epiphany :
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

345

(59 Anc. & M.) III. 3.

" And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda : for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

EARTH hath many a noble city ;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule his Israel.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblations rich and rare ;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

346

(62 ANC. & M.) C. M.

" And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

THE Heavenly Child in stature grows,
And growing learns to die ;
And still his early training shows
His coming agony.

- 2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor ;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse ;
The maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He, whom the choirs of angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

SELECTED HYMNS.

5 For this thy lowliness revealed,
 Jesu, we thee adore ;
And praise to God the Father yield,
 And Spirit evermore. Amen.

347

(63 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"God be merciful unto us and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance."

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Let thy love on all be poured ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

348

(64 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

AS with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light.
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to thee our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

349

(65 ANC. & M.) L. M.

“ Unto you which believe he is precious.”

JESU ! the very thought is sweet !
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
But oh ! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his presence are.

- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus Son of God most High.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, oh how kind !
But what art thou to them that find ?
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.
- 5 O Jesu, King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !
- 6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with thy grace, we pray ;
And with thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

Amen.

350

(81 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold ;
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring ;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

- 2 But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified ;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

SELECTED HYMNS.

351

(82 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

352

(83 Ch. & H.) C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

SELECTED HYMNS.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

353 (84 Ch. & H.) III. 1. *Mallett, 81.*

HARK ! the song of jubilee ; *RH, 109*
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;
Sheath'd his sword ; he speaks, 't is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Septuagesima, &c.**354**

(68 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land ? ”

CREATOR of the world, to thee
 An endless rest of joy belongs ;
 And heavenly choirs are ever free
 To sing on high their festal songs.

- 2 But we are fallen creatures here,
 Where pain and sorrow daily come ;
 And how can we in exile drear
 Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home ?
- 3 O Father ! who dost promise still
 That they who mourn shall blessed be ,
 Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
 That banish us so long from thee :
- 4 But weeping, grant us faith to rest
 In hope upon thy loving care ;
 Till thou restore us, with the blest,
 Their songs of praise in heaven to share.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel-host .
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

355

(69 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.”

O LORD, in perfect bliss above
 Thou couldst not need created love ;
 And yet thou didst thy power display,
 And earth’s foundations firmly lay.

- 2 Things that were not, at thy command,
 In perfect form before thee stand ;
 And all to their Creator raise
 A wondrous harmony of praise.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 But even while the world came forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
In thy deep thought thou didst behold
Another world of nobler mould.
- 4 For thou didst will that Christ should frame
A new creation by his Name ;
Its seed, the living word of grace,
He scatters wide in every place ;
- 5 Its home, when time shall be no more,
In heaven with thee for evermore ;
Accepted in thy boundless love
To share his throne and joy above.
- 6 O Father, bless, for they are thine,
O Son, direct in love divine,
O Holy Ghost, with grace endue
The old creation and the new. Amen.

356

(70 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

HOW blest were they who walked in love
With Christ, while yet he dwelt above ;
A righteous band, sustained by grace,
The fathers of the faithful race.

- 2 O who can tell as should be told
The praises of those men of old,
Their patient faith, their longing sighs
Of hope uplifted to the skies ?
- 3 Strangers and pilgrims here below
They deemed the world an empty show :
To purer joys their hearts were given,
The better land they sought was heaven.
- 4 The soul that truly cleaves to God
Still longs to gain that blest abode.

SELECTED HYMNS.

O Christ, forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our own true home.

- 5 All praise to God the Father be :
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee ;
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

357

(71 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

358

(72 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain;
But love alone shall then remain,

When this short day is gone:

O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:

Great Three in One, the increase give;
These gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

Lent.

359

(73 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."

ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Both priest and people weep.

2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
 In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
 The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray
 To our offended God,
From us to turn his wrath away
 And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
 To spare the bruised reed ;
We pray for time to turn again,
 For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to thee we bow ;
 Vouchsafe us in thy love
To gather from these fasts below
 Immortal fruit above. Amen.

360

(75 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for thy Name's sake."

- O MERCIFUL Creator, hear ;
 To us in pity bow thine ear :
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
 In this our fast of forty days.
- 2 Each heart is manifest to thee ;
 Thou knowest our infirmity :
Repentant now we seek thy Face ;
 Impart to us thy pardoning grace.
- 3 Our sins are manifold and sore,
 But spare thou them who sin deplore ;
And for thine own Name's sake make whole
 The fainting and the weary soul.
- 4 Grant us to mortify each sense
 By means of outward abstinence,
That so from every stain of sin
 The soul may keep her fast within.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to thee,
That thou wouldest now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

361

(77 ANC. & M.) II. 1.

"In due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

O THOU who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou hope of all our race,
Jesu, to thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek thy face.

- 2 With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought and word and deed :
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again
From every burden freed.
- 3 If thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live ?
'T is thine alone to spare ;
With cleanséd hearts to pray aright
And find acceptance in thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.
- 4 'T is thou hast blessed this solemn fast ;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That when our Easter morn we hail
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.

- 5 O Blessed Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Until, within thy courts above,
We see thy face, and sing thy love,
And with thy saints adore. Amen.

362

(78 ANC. & M.) III. 1.

"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing."

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about thy way ;
Stones thy pillow ; earth thy bed.
- 3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain ?
- 4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 5 So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.
- 6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side ;
That with thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

363

(79 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.
- 5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

364

(80 ANC. & M.) C. M.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord ; for in thy sight
shall no man living be justified."

- O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;
- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here ;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 Mercy, Good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is my humble prayer ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy spare.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

365

(82 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

L ORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

- 4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

- 5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

- 6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face. Amen.

366

(85 CH. & H.) C. M.

O SAVIOUR, leave us not alone
To wrestle with our sin,
But aid us in these holy hours
Of solemn discipline.

- 2 Let not the Tempter tempt us, Lord,
Beyond our strength to bear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Though in the desert of our woe
He wildly prompts despair,
- 3 Let not our humble confidence
Be from thy promise stirr'd,
Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up
Between us and thy word.
- 4 Nor let us yet be lifted up
By him, the Prince of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height,
And left to perish there :
- 5 Nor on the Temple's pinnacle,
In our self-righteous pride,
Be set forsaken of thine aid,
For demons to deride.
- 6 And oh ! when pleasure, power, and pomp
Around our vision swim,
And through the soft enchanting mist
He bids us worship him ;
- 7 Assist us from the reeling sense,
The serpent's spell to break,
And tread the arch-apostate down,
Redeemer, for thy sake.

367

(87 Ch. & H.) L. M.

RETURN, my roving heart ! return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Now seek in solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess ;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleans'd and purified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

4 Oh ! with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God has fix'd his dwelling here.

368 (94 Ch. & H.) C. M. *Mercy, 144*

O help us, Lord, each hour of need *P.H. 205*
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold indeed,
 O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith
 More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high ;
 We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

369 (95 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

JESUS, Lord, we kneel before thee,
 Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear !
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
 Boldly we draw near nigh to God,
Only in thy spotless merit,
 Only through thy precious blood :
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 From the depths of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !
- 5 In the weary night of sickness,
 In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When the creature's help is vain,
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment day,
May our souls on thee relying
 Find thee still our hope and stay
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !
- 7 Jesus, may thy promised blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford ;
May we now thy love possessing
 Find at last the great reward ;
 By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

The Sunday next before Easter.

370

(86 ANC. & M.) II. 6.

" Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King !
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

All glory, &c.

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.

All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

All glory, &c.

5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, &c. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

371

(87 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Amen.

Passion Week and Good Friday.

372

(84 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE royal banners forward go.
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be ;
For God is reigning from the tree.
- 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !
- 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 To thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

373

(85 ANC. & M.) L. M.

' God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

WE sing the praise of him who died,
 Of him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, " God is love ; "
He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

374

(89 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly."

SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore ;
He of whom the Psalmist sung,
He who woke the Prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

- 2 In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame ;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins ;
Through his hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.
- 3 There for us he intercedes ;
There with God the Father pleads ;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting day
He may wipe our tears away.
- 4 Therefore to his Name be given
Glory both in earth and heaven ;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

375

(90 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

HE, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With his own most precious blood ;
Coming from his throne on high
On the painful cross to die.

- 2 O the wisdom of th' Eternal !
 O the depth of love divine !
O the sweetness of that mercy
 - Which in Jesus Christ did shine !
We were sinners doomed to die ;
Jesus paid the penalty.
- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of his broken laws,
May the blood of his atonement
 Cry aloud and plead our cause,
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.
- 4 Prince and author of salvation,
 Lord of majesty supreme,
Jesu, praise to thee be given
 By the world thou didst redeem :
Glory to the Father be
And the Spirit One with Thee. Amen.

376

(92 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"The precious blood of Christ."

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal
 In that blood I find ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Blest be his compassion
Infinitely kind.

- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;
- 6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
- 7 Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood. Amen.

377

(93 Anc. & M.) II. 7.

"Behold the man."

O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning ;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning ;
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

- 2 Look on his head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded ;
Look on his sacred hands and feet
Which piercing nails have wounded :

SELECTED HYMNS.

See every limb with scourges rent :
On him the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded !

- 3 'T is not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends, too, are forsaking ;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching ;
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn
By Jesus, son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.
- 4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction ;
None ever felt a grief like his
In that dread crucifixion :
For us he bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes
In oft-renewed infliction.
- 5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation ;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation ;
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation ?
- 6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen

378

(95 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 1 Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.
- 4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation
And thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

379

(97 ANC. & M.) II. 6.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."

O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me.

3 In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me

SELECTED HYMNS.

With thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be :
Beneath thy cross abiding,
 For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
 And with thy presence blest. Amen.

380

(99 **Anc. & M.**) **III. 1.**

“ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? Behold, and see if there
be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

SEE the destined day arise !
 See, a willing sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful cross !

- 2 **Jesu**, who but thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing thy life of woe ?
- 3 Who but thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain ;
And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed
 Mingled from thy side with blood ;
Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished Sacrifice.
- 5 Holy **Jesu**, grant us grace
 In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

381

(100 **Anc. & M.**) **L. M.**

“ They crucified him.”

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
 O come ye to the Saviour’s side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently he hangs :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed ;
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified. Amen.

382

(102 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps."

- A NGELS, lament ; behold, your God
Man's sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree
Man's sins the Saviour bears.
- 2 O Christ, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was thine :
Did God consent to suffer thus,
And, oh, shall man repine ?
- 3 No, Saviour, no ! the power of death
Thy cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our cross may be,
So thou by grace enable us
To bear it after thee.
- 5 Thy stripes have healed us, and thy blood
Our guilty stains effaced ;
Then may thy Name by sin of ours
Be never more disgraced. Amen.

383

(105 ANC. & M.) III. 2.

"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."

RESTING from his work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the seal'd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen,
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalm'd cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

384

(152 Anc. & M. P. M.)

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

- JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.
- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's Tower,
On the cross I view thee
Calling sinners to thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing :
Bending low before thee,
Helpless I adore thee.
- 4 By thy red wounds streaming,
With thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;
- 5 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn thou into gladness.
- 6 Lord in mercy guide me,
Be thou e'er beside me ;
In thy ways direct me,
'Neath thy wings protect me. Amen.

385

(98 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

GR^EAT High-Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground in horrors prest.

2 Angels see with sad amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus ;
Oh, be ours deep heart-abasement ;
Lord, we know 't was done for us.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now into that garden lead us,
 There to see thy bloody sweat,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,
 We the cost may ne'er forget.
- 4 Be thine agonies rehearsed
 By the Spirit in our ears,
Till beholding whom we pierced,
 Melt our hearts in grateful tears.
- 5 On the cross thy body broken
 Cancell'd every legal charge ;
Pleading this availing token,
 Guilty souls are set at large.
- 6 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
 'T was for us thy blood was spilt ;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
 Take and make us what thou wilt.

386

(99 Ch. & H.) P. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb !
 O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
 That thou hast died ;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
Thee, thee alone my refuge make,
 Thy pierced side.

2 Behold the Lamb !
Archangels — fold your wings ;
Seraphs — hush all the strings
 Of million lyres :
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love
Unveil'd — enthroned — adored above,
 All heaven admires !

3 Behold the Lamb !
All hail, Eternal Word !
Thou universal Lord,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Purge out our leaven :
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven !

4 Behold the Lamb !
Saints, who in blissful rest
Wait to be fully blest ;
O ! Lord — how long !
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

5 Behold the Lamb !
Worthy is he alone,
To sit upon the throne
Of God above !
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light — all Love !

387

(100 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee ; my suit to gain,
I plead what thou hast done :
Didst thou not die the death for me ?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace :
My Surety ! Thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine :
O might he now descend, and rest

SELECTED HYMNS.

For ever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

388

(102 Ch. & H.) C. M.

FORTH flames the standard of our King,
Bright gleams the mystic sign,
When life bore death of suffering,
And death wrought life divine.

- 2 The stabs of the accursed spear,
Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
With water and with blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is each prophetic word,
Each faith-inspiring strain,
Telling the nations of that Lord,
Who by the cross should reign.
- 4 Hail, Cross of Christ! man's only hope;
While now we gaze and pray,
Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,
And wash our sins away.

389

(104 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HIS trial o'er, and now beneath
His own cross meekly bending,
Jesus, the fatal hill of death
Is wearily ascending.

- 2 And now, his hands and feet pierc'd through,
Upon the cross they raise him,
Where even now, in distant view,
The eye of faith surveys him.
- 3 O, wondrous love, which God most high,
Towards man was pleas'd to cherish!
His sinless Son he gave to die,
That sinners might not perish.
4. Our sins' pollution to remove
His blood was asked and given:

SELECTED HYMNS.

So mighty was the Saviour's love,
So vast the price of heaven.

- 5 Yes ! 't is the cross that breaks the rod,
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God,
For our complete salvation.
- 6 O ! praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, thro' whom alone
Our hearts are rais'd to heaven.

390

(106 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- O HALLOWED head ! compell'd to bow,
Beneath unnumber'd scorns,
O dear, dishonor'd, glorious brow
Now rent by cruel thorns ;
Eyes where the light of heaven did reign
Can ye grow glaz'd and dim ?
O death — by him for others slain —
Canst thou have power o'er him ?
- 2 Love's mystery o'er the scene doth hang,
Love must unfold it still ;
Who could inflict on him a pang,
Without his own blest will ?
He, whom the slumbering dead have heard,
Whose voice the winds could tame,
Could crush his murderer's with a word,
If such had been his aim.
- 3 Yea, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Life, light, and joy to me ;
My soul thro' doubt and darkness clings
With trembling faith to thee.
Lo, death and hell with all their host
Quail now before their Lord,
And more than was in Adam lost
I see in Christ restor'd.

SELECTED HYMNS.

391

(109 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd ;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood ;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Crucified th' incarnate Son !

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd him here ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear :
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
Nor receive the proffer'd good ;
Crucify the Lord again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No, with all my sins I'll part ;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

392

(110 Ch. & H.) P. M.

Mercer. 179

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man, 't is thou ! 't is thou !

- 2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and woeful, who is he ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,

SELECTED HYMNS.

By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
By the promise ere he died
To the felon at his side ;
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow !
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry,
Of the dying agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead ;
By the mourners bowed to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified, we know thee now :
Son of man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !
- 4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
" Lord ! they know not what they do ! "
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

393

(112 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

ONCE the angel started back,
When he saw the blood-stain'd door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead.

- 2 Now our passover is come,
Dimly shadow'd in time past,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we 'll eat.

- 3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel-hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Easter Even.

394

(113 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

PAIN and toil are over now ;
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,
Fold the limb and bind the brow,
In the rich man's sepulchre.

- 2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel ;
Roll the stone and guard it well,
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.
- 3 Yet the morning's purple ray -
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

Easter.

395

(114 Ch. & H.) III. 2. B.C.P. 9

HE is risen, he is risen !
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst his three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
Death is vanquish'd, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.
- 3 He is risen he is risen !
He has oped the eternal gate ;
We are loos'd from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eye shall stream.

396

(118 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

- A NGELS, roll the rock away !
Death, yield up the mighty prey !
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; angels raise
Your eternal song of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

397

(119 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

- MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd had gone.
There awhile she lingering stood,
Lost in anguish and dismay,
Tears she wept — a bitter flood —
Asking where her Saviour lay.

- 2** Soon her sorrow all was gone,
When she heard his own dear voice
Call her, " Mary." — Oh ! that tone,
How it bade her heart rejoice !
Such a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day.
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

398

(120. Ch. & H.) III. 5.

COME, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay !

He has burst his bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away ;
Joyful tidings !
Yes the Lord is ris'n to-day !

- 2** Jesus triumphs : sing ye praises !
By his death he overcame ;
Thus the Lord his glory raises ;
Thus he fills his foes with shame ;
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the victor's Name !

- 3** Jesus triumphs : countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King ;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
We shall join his praise to sing ;
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

SELECTED HYMNS.

399

(122 Ch. & H.) S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed ; ”
The grave hath lost its prey ;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 “ The Lord is risen indeed ; ”

He lives, to die no more ;

He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 “ The Lord is risen indeed ; ”

Attending angels, hear ;

Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyous tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,

And strike each living chord :

Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

400

(123 Ch. & H.) P. M.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, that man may not die.
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—

“ The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.”

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :

The being he gave us, death cannot destroy :

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,

If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

401

(124 Ch. & H.) L. M.

NOW at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus, our immortal King.

- 2 O depth of love ! for us he drinks
The chalice of his agony ;
For us, a victim on the cross,
He meekly lays him down to die.
- 3 And as th' avenging angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then clos'd towhelm th' Egyptians o'er ;
- 4 So Christ, our paschal sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through,
While for unleaven'd bread, we need
But heart sincere and purpose true.
- 5 Hail, purest victim heav'n could find,
The powers of hell to overthrow !
Who didst the chains of death destroy,
Who dost the prize of life bestow.
- 6 Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !
To thee alone belongs the crown ;
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
And dragg'd the prince of darkness down.
- 7 O Jesus ! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

402

(106 Anc. & M.) C. M.

" O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? "

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

- 2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head ;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.
- 3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.
- 4 Triumphant in his glory now
To him all power is given ;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.
- 5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.
- 6 All glory to the Father be ;
All glory to the Son ;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.
Alleluia ! Amen.

403

(109 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 While he, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth his ransomed saints to light,
- 3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred ;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
- 4 The pains of hell are loosed at last ;
The days of mourning now are passed ;
An angel robed in light hath said,
“The Lord is risen from the dead.”

PART II.

- 5 The apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.
- 6 With gentle voice the angel gave
The women tidings at the grave ;
“Fear not, your Master shall ye see,
He goes before to Galilee.”
- 7 Then hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Their Lord they met, their living Lord,
And falling at his feet adored.
- 8 Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
That there once more they may behold
The Lord's dear face, as he foretold.

PART III.

- 9 That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The apostles saw their risen Lord.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 10 He bade them see his hands, his side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide ;
O tokens true, which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.
- 11 Jesu, the King of gentleness,
Do thou thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part.

- 12 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.
- 13 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

404

(110 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day ;
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the paschal victim’s feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner’s stead ;
“ Christ is risen,” to-day we cry ;
Now he lives no more to die.

- 2 Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled ;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

“ Christ is risen,” to-day we cry ;
Now he lives no more to die.

- 3 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high !
Hail, thou King of victory !
Hail, thou Prince of life adored !
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

Amen.

405

(111 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us : therefore let us keep the feast.”

THE Lamb’s high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
Our Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus our triumphant King.

- 2 Upon the altar of the cross
His body hath redeemed our loss ;
And, tasting of his crimson blood,
Our life is hid with him in God.
- 3 Protected in the paschal night
From the destroying angel’s might,
In triumph went the ransomed free
From Pharaoh’s cruel tyranny.
- 4 Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of God without a stain ;
His flesh, the true unleavened bread,
Is freely offered in our stead.
- 5 O all-sufficient Sacrifice !
Beneath thee hell defeated lies :
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 We hymn thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save ;
Thine own right hand the tyrant chains,
And paradise for man regains.
- 7 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

406

(112 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Alleluia ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia !

2 He who gave for us his life.
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia !

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ;
Alleluia.

4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia !

5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ thy ransomed people feed :
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia ! Amen.

407

(113 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Sing ye to the Lord ; for he hath triumphed gloriously."

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercéd side ;
Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light :
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral ;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise ;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

408

(114 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for he hath done marvellous things."

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! .
The strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The triumph of the Lord is won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia !

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia !

3 On that third morn he rose again
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia !

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.
Alleluia !

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free ;
That we may live, and sing to thee,
Alleluia ! Amen.

409

(116 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"The First-begotten of the dead."

COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain :
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Remember how the Saviour said
That he would rise again."

- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave !
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust :
O risen Lord, in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust. Amen.

410

(117 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"I am he that liveth, and was dead ; and behold, I am alive for ever more, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death."

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

- 3 Jesus lives ! for us he died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

- 4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia !
- 5 Jesus lives ! to him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in Heaven.
Alleluia ! Amen.

411

(118 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid ; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

JESU, the world's redeeming Lord,
The Father's co-eternal Word,
Of light invisible true light,
Thine Israel's keeper day and night ;

- 2 Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed.

- 3 That, while in weary house of clay
A little longer here we stay,
Our flesh in thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with thee their vigils keep.

- 4 We pray thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe ;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redemed by thee.

- 5 O Lord of all, with us abide,
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

- 6 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Rogation Days.

412

(119 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord ; and thou givest them their meat in due season."

LORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee :
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

113

(120 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

GOD the Father, from thy throne,
Hear us, we beseech thee ;
God, the co-eternal Son,
Hear us, we beseech thee ;
God the Spirit, mighty Lord,
Hear us, we beseech thee ,
Three in One, by all adored,
Hear us, we beseech thee.

2 Jesu ! Jesu !

By thy wondrous incarnation,
By thy birth for our salvation,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

3 Jesu ! Jesu !

By thy fasting and temptation,
By thy nights of supplication,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

4 Jesu ! Jesu !

By thy works of sweet compassion,
By thy cross and bitter passion,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

5 Jesu ! Jesu !

By thy blood for sinners flowing,
-By thy death true life bestowing,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

SELECTED HYMNS.

6 Jesu ! Jesu !
By thy glorious resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

7 Jesu ! Jesu !
To the Father's throne ascended,
All thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

8 Jesu ! Jesu !
Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us. Amen.

Ascension.

414

(122 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" All power is given unto me in heaven and earth."

O Lord most high, Eternal King,
By thee redeemed thy praise we sing ;
The bonds of death are burst by thee,
And grace has won the victory.

- 2 Ascending to the Father's throne,
Thou claim'st the kingdom as thine own ;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is thine for evermore.
- 3 To thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.
- 4 In awe and wonder angels see
How changed is man's estate by thee,

SELECTED HYMNS.

How flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And thou, true God, in flesh dost reign.

- 5 Be thou our joy, O mighty Lord,
As thou wilt be our great reward ;
Let all our glory be in thee
Both now and through eternity.
- 6 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung ;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

415

(123 ANC. & M.) L. M.

“ By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place.”

O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God,
Ascend and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

- 2 A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet ;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits :
“ Lift up your heads, eternal gates ! ”
O God-and-Man ! the Father’s throne
Is now for evermore thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heavenward bear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.

- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung ;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

416

(124 Anc. & M.) S. M.

“Who is gone into heaven.”

THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies ;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high. Amen

SELECTED HYMNS.

417

(125 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

JESU, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And thou art on thy Father's throne
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we stand around thy throne,
And see thy glory there !
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.
- 6 All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven ;
All praise to God the Father's Name
And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

418

(125 Ch. & H.) C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And conquer'd all our foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down
From the right hand of Majesty,
On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

419

(126 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THE Saviour stood on Olivet ;
His earthly task was o'er ;
And wherefore should he linger yet
On this world's dreary shore ?
He rais'd on high his hands divine ;
He blessed his faithful train ;
Oh ! when shall Adam's guilty line
Such blessings hear again ?

- 2 Then slowly tow'rds th' expecting sky,
The sky's Creator rose ;
Angelic watchers, ranged on high,
Bade heaven's bright gates unclose.
And in he came, the Lord of might,
Eternal and supreme ;
Whose presence e'en those realms of light
Illum'd with brighter beam.

SELECTED HYMNS.

3 O Thou, who thus exalted art,
On whom our souls rely,
Grant to us now, in mind and heart,
To dwell with thee on high !
And when at length, redeem'd by thee,
The just that sleep shall rise ;
With theirs our happy portion be,
A home beyond the skies.

420

(127 Ch. & H.) P. M.

Melody 208

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
In pow'r and might excelling ;
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo ! he returns, our glorious Head,
To his eternal dwelling !

2 The heav'ns with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel-hosts adored ;
O day of exultation !
O earth ! adore thy glorious King,
His rising, his ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.

3 Our great High-Priest hath gone before,
Thence on his Church his grace to pour,
And bring us to salvation ;
O may our hearts to him ascend
May all within us upward tend
With joyful expectation !

4 By saints on earth and saints in heav'n,
All praise to Christ our King be giv'n,
Who hath to heav'n ascended ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of heaven's resplendent host,
Whose reign shall ne'er be ended.

SELECTED HYMNS.

421

(129 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

LOOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;

See the man of sorrows now ;

From the fight returned victorious,

Every knee to him shall bow ;

Crown him ;

Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him ;

Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;

On the seat of power enthrone him,

While the heavenly concert rings :

Crown him ;

Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,

Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;

Saints and angels bend around him,

Own his title, praise his Name :

Crown him ;

Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !

Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !

Lamb of God, our strong salvation,

O, what joy the sight affords !

Crown him ;

King of kings, and Lord of lords.

422

(132 Ch. & H.) C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb

Amid his Father's throne ;

Prepare new honours for his Name,

And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,

The Church adore around,

With vials full of odours sweet,

And harps of sweeter sound.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless honour paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on his head.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoner free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath thy power ;
Then hasten time's delaying pace,
 And bring the promis'd hour.

423

(133 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Fill'd with thee let all things cry,
 Glory be to God most high.

- 2 Join'd with those beyond the sky,
 Chanters to the Lord most high,
 We our hearts and voices raise,
 Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Happy they who never rest,
 With thy heavenly presence blest ?
They the heights of glory see,
 Search the depths of Deity.
- 4 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
 Sink as low, and mount as high ;
 Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;
 Shout, or silently adore.

424

(136 Ch. & H.) C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
 The sons of Aaron wore.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
Did they within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne.
- 3 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 4 He ever lives, to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
For us, O Lord, in mercy plead,
And fill us with thy grace !

425

(137 Ch. & H.) L. M.

STAND up, my soul, thy fears dismiss,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless bliss,
Where Jesus thy great Captain 's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins thy foes may be,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the tree,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy and palms are won,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 A starry crown shall be my prize,
Triumphant through Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Whit-Sunday.

426

(145 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SPirit, pour'd on Pentecost,
Paraclete and Holy Ghost,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Resting on the Eternal Son,
Holy ! uncreated One !
Breath of life ! thine aid impart,
Waken every slumbering heart,
Every grovelling soul refine,
With thy power and grace divine.

2 Sanctifier ! seal our hearts •

With the truth thy word imparts ;
Sacred truths and themes instil,
And thy pleasure all fulfil ;
There let Christ replace his throne,
And possess us for his own,
Till our bodies all shall be
Temples to thy Deity ! .

3 Everlasting Spirit ! come,

Teach us life's imperfect sum ;
All on earth is dark and drear,
Changeful as the changing year ;
Raise our souls from things of earth,
Subjects of a better birth,
And our song shall be of thee
Through a blest eternity !

427

(146 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, thou Light of all that live !

2 Thou of all consolers best,

Visiting the troubled breast,

Dost refreshing peace bestow ;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet,

Pleasant coolness in the heat,

Solace in the midst of woe.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill ;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man can stay,
And his good is turn'd to ill.
- 4 Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sev'nfold gifts descend ;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

428

(147 Ch. & H.) S. M.

Mercy
148

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and ~~love~~,
The Father, Son, and thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

429

(148 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some token of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of a part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

430

(149 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY GHOST ! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost ! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long hath sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost ! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine :
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Ghost ! thou Lord divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

SELECTED HYMNS.

431

(128 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"When thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made, and thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

COME, thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

- 2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below !
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe !
- 3 O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill :
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

Amen

SELECTED HYMNS.

432

(130 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

2 But when he came the second time,

He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down

In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear

The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

5 So when the Spirit of our God

Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills

The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,

Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

433

(131 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

SPirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 O Holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One ;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.

434

(139 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you ; but if I depart I will send him unto you."

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.
- 6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

435

(173 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there :
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Trinity Sunday.

436

(132 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts."

ALL hail, adored Trinity ;
All hail, eternal Unity ;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever one.

- 2 Behold to thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay ;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising thee.
- 3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore ;
In thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.
- 4 O Trinity ! O Unity !
Be present as we worship thee ;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

Amen.

437

(133 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

BLEST Trinity, from mortal sight
Veiled in thine own eternal light,
We thee confess, in thee believe,
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.

- 2 O Father, thou most Holy One !
. O God of God, Eternal Son !
O Holy Ghost, thou Love divine !
To join them both is ever thine.
- 3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is One :
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Such as the Father, such the Son,
And such the Spirit, Three in One :
The Three one perfect verity,
The Three one perfect charity.
- 5 Eternal Father, thee we praise ;
To thee, O Son, our hymns we raise ;
O Holy Ghost, we thee adore ;
One mighty God for evermore. Amen.

438

(134 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"O praise God in his holiness."

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are thine.

- 2 O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be thou by every tongue implored,
Be thou by every heart adored.
- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.
- 5 O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to thee :
In heaven and earth exalted be. Amen.

439

(135 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee :
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth,
and sky, and sea :
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
Amen.

440

(137 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name.”

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

- 2 Light of lights ! with morning, shine :
Lift on us thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship thee :
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

441

(151 Ch. & H.) S. M.

FATHER in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive,
Of thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity

Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,

Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy and bliss,
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 The grace to sinners showed

Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb."

5 Not angel tongues can tell

Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

6 Eternal, Triune Lord :

Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon thy love.

7 When heaven and earth are fled

Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise.

442

(152 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

SELECTED HYMNS.

All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore ;
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

443

(154 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Fast Day.

444

(155 Ch. & H.) C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay ;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe :
Now let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 Though justice near thine awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

445

(227 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

(*To be used when there is a deficiency in the crops.*)

"Although the fields shall yields no meat yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

WHAT our Father does is well ;
Blessed truth his children tell !
Though he send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

- 2 What our Father does is well ;
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 What our Father does is well ;
Though he sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength his word supplies ;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at his rod ?
- 4 What our Father does is well ;
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore, unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise :
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

446

(235 Anc. & M.) L. M.

(In time of War.)

“The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.”

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

- 2 Remember Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin’s dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on thy faithful word ?
None ever called on thee in vain :
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

447

(236 Anc. & M.) C. M.

(*In time of Pestilence.*)

'Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.'

IN grief and fear to thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly ;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

- 2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath ;
And Pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

- 3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

- 4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed ;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

Thanksgiving Day.

448

(160 Ch. & H.) C. M.

TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to lower.

- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering fountains of the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

449

(161 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice ;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless his holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth :
To glory in your lot
Is comely — but be not
His benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

(165 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

(*After a Pestilence.*)

SING Hallelujah ; sing
 Glory to God alone !
Bring your oblations, bring
 Thank-offerings to the throne ;
Take words of joy, of comfort take ;
 Awake to love, to life awake.

- 2 The Lord put forth his hand,
 He touched us and we died ;
Vengeance went through the land,
 But mercy walk'd beside ;
He heard our prayers : he saw our tears,
 And stay'd the plague and quell'd our fears.
- 3 What shall we give to thee,
 O thou whose purer eyes
Behold iniquity
 In man's best sacrifice ?
Ourselves we give, but rest our claim
 On Christ, and know none other Name.
- 4 For Jesus' sake forgive
 Thy people, Lord, and spare,
To him and thee to live,
 For thine and his we are ;
Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath ;
 Thy Son, by death, has conquer'd death.

(223 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home !
All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of harvest-home !

- 2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final harvest-hour :
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.
- 3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home ;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day ;
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.
- 4 Come then, Lord of Mercy, come,
Bid us sing thy harvest-home !
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
All upon the golden floor
Praising thee for evermore ;
Come, with thousand angels, come ;
Bid us sing thy harvest-home ! Amen.

452

(224 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

“ Who giveth food to all flesh ; for his mercy endureth forever.”

PRAISE, O praise our God and King !
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Glory to our bounteous King !
Glory let creation sing !
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.
Amen.

453

(226 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

"The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank thee for the ripened grain ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest tide.

- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread :
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need :
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be thou their comfort, food, and stay !

Amen.

454

(237 Anc. & M.) P. M.

" O praise the Lord, land ye the name of the Lord ; praise it, O ye
servants of the Lord."

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown :
Let all his saints adore him !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 When in distress to him we cried,
 He heard our sad complaining ;
Oh trust in him, whate'er betide,
 His love is all-sustaining ;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise ;
Now every voice shall say,
 “ O praise our God alway ; ”
Let all his saints adore him !
- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown :
Let all his saints adore him ! Amen.

455

(238 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“O clap your hands together, all ye people ; O sing unto God with the voice of melody.”

NOW thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mothers' arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

Baptism and Confirmation.

456

(166 Ch. & H.) P. M.

*Twelster.
Jesus,*

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
 Met to do as thou hast spoken,
And this child at thy command
 To the font we bring, in token
That to thee it here is given ;
 For of such shall be thy heaven.

- 2 Yes, thy warning voice is plain,
 And we fain would heed it duly,
“He who is not born again,
 Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
 Shall my kingdom ne’er inherit.”
- 3 Therefore hasten we to thee,
 Take the pledge we bring, O ! take it ;
Let us here thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
Now thy child, and leave it never ;
 Thine on earth and thine for ever.
- 4 Make it, Christ, thy member now ;
 Shepherd, take thy lamb and feed it ;
Prince of peace its peace be thou ;
 Way of life, to heaven, O ! lead it ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Be it graff'd in thee forever.

- 5 Now upon thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure ;
Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,
 Pour thy blessings without measure ;
Write the name we now have given ;
 Write it in the book of heaven.

457

(167 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MY God ! the covenant of thy love
 Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
 And heaven my final home :
3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
And wlien I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
 Sustain my fainting heart.

458

(169 Ch. & H.) C. M.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 In willing crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 “ The soul that longs to see my face
 Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace
 Shall never seek in vain.”

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'T is here I seek my highest joys,
And here true bliss I find.

459

(208 ANC. & M.) P. M.

" Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

O FATHER, thou who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way ;
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
And make thou something out of nought :
O Father, hear !

2 O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold
We bring our child to thee ;
Thou tender Shepherd take it to thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be ;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God !

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child ;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled ;
Grant it while yet a babe to be
A child of God, a home for thee,
O Holy Ghost !

4 O Triune God, what thou command'st is done :
We speak, but thine the might ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
 Yet pour on it thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
 O Triune God! Amen.

460

(211 ANC. & M.) L. M.

“The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost.”

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
 Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which thou hast made.

- 2 O Comforter, to thee we cry;
 Thou heavenly gift of God most high:
Thou Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And sweet Anointing from above.
- 3 O Finger of the Hand divine,
 The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine;
The promise of the Father thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 Thy light to every sense impart,
 And shed thy love in every heart;
The weakness of our flesh supply
With strength and courage from on high.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
 And peace for evermore bestow;
If thou be our preventing guide
No evil can our steps betide.
- 6 O Holy Ghost, through thee alone
 We know the Father and the Son,
Be this our never-changing creed,
That thou dost from them both proceed.
- 7 Praise we the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit with them One:

SELECTED HYMNS.

And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

Amen.

The Lord's Supper.

461

(170 Ch. & H.) L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
 Receive and eat the living food ; "
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :
 " This the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;
 We show thy death, we sing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the lamb.

462

(171 Ch. & H.) C. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
 As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
 Which from thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
 But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding place.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart ;
Saviour abide with us and spread
 Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord sup with us in love divine ;
 Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
 Be our immortal food.

463

(175 Ch. & H.) L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall ;
Accept thine own, withheld too long ;
Accept my heart, inspire my song.
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live, and thine would die,
Be thine thro' all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 5 Be thou the witness of my vow ;
Angels and men behold me now,
While to thy table I repair,
And seal the sacred covenant there.
- 6 Here, by that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God ;
Thee, my sole Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

464

(176 Ch. & H.) C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus' my redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd ;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

465

(178 Ch. & H.) C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh ;

- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell ;
Who bore our guilt and woe !
- 3 While yet in anguish he survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd ;
“ Meet and remember me ! ”

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory ! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

466

(205 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

“ This do in remembrance of me.”

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live :
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee. Amen.

467

(207 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ My Flesh is meat indeed, and my Blood is drink indeed.”

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.

- 4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Ordination and Institution of Ministers.

468

(180 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LORD, thine appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to thee.

- 2 Uphold them by almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer thou their fainting heart.
- 3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near thy side ;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified !
- 4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given ;
That they who preach, and those who hear,
May sing thy praise in heaven.

469

(182 Ch. & H.) L. M. Mercer u38.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

- 2 Within thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee ;
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let thine anointed pastors be.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep ;
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign ;
When the chief shepherd shall appear,
O God ! may they and we be thine.

Laying the Corner-stone of a Church.

170

(241 Anc. & M.) L. M.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place ;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.
- 4 To thee they all pertain ; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea ;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 The hands that guide endue with skill ;
The hands that work preserve from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect ;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity ! Amen.

Consecration of a Church.

471

(183 Ch. & H.) L. M.

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee :
O make it now thy fix'd abode,
And holy let thy temple be.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly king ;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

SELECTED HYMNS.

472

(184 Ch. & H.) C. M.

Mercer. 37.

- G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us the tokens of thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls be holy peace ;
Thy mercy here reveal ;
Here give the burden'd soul release,
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers ;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 Here may thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to thine.

473

(244 A.M. | P. M.

"Behold I lay in Zion a Chief Corner stone, elect, precious."

- C**HRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

SELECTED HYMNS

- 2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody ;
God the one in three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
With thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear thy servants as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever three, and ever one,
One in might, and one in glory,
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

Missions

Mercer 481

474

(185 Ch. & H.) P. M.

Ein feste Burg

SEND out thy light and truth, O God !
 With sound of trumpet from above ;
Break not the nations with thy rod,
 But draw them as with cords of love ;
 Justice and mercy meet ;
 The work is well begun ;
 Through every clime their feet,
 Who bring glad tidings, run ;
In earth, as heaven, thy will be done.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Before thee every idol fall,
Rend the false prophet's veil of lies ;
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
Be Israel sav'd, let Jacob rise ;
Thy kingdom come indeed,
Thy Church with union bless,
All Scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess
One Lord, — the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Now for the travail of his soul,
Messiah's peaceful reign advance ;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
He claims his pledg'd inheritance :
O thou most mighty ! gird
Thy sword upon thy thigh, —
That two-edg'd sword — thy word,
By which thy foes shall die,
Then be new-born beneath thine eye.
- 4 So perish all thine enemies,
Their enmity alone be slain ;
Them, in the arms of mercy seize,
Breathe, and their souls shall come again :
So may thy friends at length,
Oft smitten, oft laid low,
Forth, like the sun in strength,
Conquering, to conquer go,
Till to thy throne all nations flow.

475 (186 Ch. & H.) L. M. *Never 417*

A RM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength ! the nations shake !
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah — God alone !
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name ;
Let Zion's time of favor come ;
Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength ! the nations shake !
Let hostile powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

476

(189 Ch. & H.) C. M.

D AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, " Give up thy charge,"
And " keep not back, O North ! "
- 4 They come, they come ; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs the ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

477

(190 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

O 'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze !
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Morn of gladness !
Let thy glorious dawn appear.

2 Let the dark benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 Let Redemption
Freely purchased rule the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

478

(191 Ch. & H.) S. M.

L ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply

2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
 The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
 Into thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
 And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

479

(219 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among
all nations."

GOD of grace, O let thy light
 Bless our dim and blinded sight ;
Like the day-spring on the night
 Bid thy grace to shine.

- 2 To the nations led astray
 Thine eternal love display ;
Let thy truth direct their way
 Till the world be thine.
- 3 Praise to thee, the faithful Lord ;
 Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
 Ever praising thee.
- 4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
 Owning thee their Judge and King ;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
 Where thy rule shall be.
- 5 Praise to thee, all-faithful Lord,
 Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
 Heart-rejoicing praise.
- 6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
 Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease,
 Through the length of days ;
- 7 While his grace our life shall cheer,
 Furthest lands shall own his fear,
Brought to him in worship near,
 Taught his mercy's ways.

Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Parish and Sunday Schools.

480

(195 Ch. & H.) IV. 1.

O COME, let us raise
Our tribute of song ;
Thanksgiving and praise
To Jesus belong ;
He came from above
Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love,
And free us from sin.

- 2 The old and the young,
His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue,
In him may rejoice ;
We meet him to-day
Triumphantly crown'd,
And welcome his way,
In chorus around.
- 3 Hosanna ! — that word
To children is dear ;
To Jesus our Lord,
We'll echo it here ;
Let worldlings despise,
And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise,
Hosannas prevail.
- 4 God's temple shall ring,
While under his eye,
Hosanna we sing,
For Jesus draws nigh :
Hosanna ! our breath
Through life shall proclaim ;
Hosanna ! in death,
In glory, the same !

SELECTED HYMNS.

481

(196 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

WHEN his salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name ;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he went along,
He let them still attend him,
And smil'd to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
We 'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal son :
Hosanna to Jesus we 'll sing.
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus our King.

482

(197 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read —
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 How he left his throne in heaven,
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
 And ascend to God on high.
- 3 Father ! let thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
 Glory where he reigns above ;
- 4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
 May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of his name.

483

(199 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O LORD, behold before thy throne
 A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
 And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
 And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
 For ever safe, for ever blest.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
 That he may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
 Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 O let thy grace our souls renew,
 And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
 And let us all thine image bear.

484

(200 Ch. & H.)

- IN the vineyard of our Father
 Daily work we find to do ;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray ;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till — sin's dominion falling —
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast then in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to thee ;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity.

485

(201 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us there.

- 2 Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray :
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee ;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

486

(229 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected
praise."

GOD eternal, mighty King,
Unto thee our praise we bring ;
All the earth doth worship thee,
We amid the throng would be.

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! cry
Angels round thy throne on high :
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise ;
Hast not thou a mission too
For thy children here to do ?
- 4 With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine ;
For thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast ;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.
- 6 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto thee our praise we bring ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Infant Schools.

487

(204 Ch. & H.) P. M.

A ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that cannot fade.
Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there ?
Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bath'd in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean.
Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory be to God on high.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd his name ;
So now they see him face to face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing — Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory be to God on high.

SELECTED HYMNS.

488

(205 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright
as day.

O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay ?

O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free !
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land, beams ev'ry eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.

O, then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

489

(206 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win —
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view ?
“ I, from Greenland's frozen land ; ”
“ I, from India's sultry plain ; ”

SELECTED HYMNS.

"I, from Afric's burning sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."

- 3 "All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky!"
Each the welcome "Come," awaits,
 "Conqueror over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
 Let the little travellers in.

490

(207 Ch. & H.) IV. 3.

P.H. 202

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

- 2 I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
 he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above;
- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and
 fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

SELECTED HYMNS.

And oh, how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest!

Charitable Occasions.

(208 Ch. & H.) S. M.

SOw in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

- 191 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

(211 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor :
Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

- 192 2 For Thou hast plac'd us side by side
In this wide world of ill,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make ;
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

493

(231 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine ?

- 2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to thee. Amen.

494

(232 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

- 2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love !

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear !
Our work of mercy bless ;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success. Amen.

At Sea.

195

(212 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

L ORD, go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length
Travelling, if thou will'st it so,
In the greatness of thy strength.

2 Through the day and through the dark,
Over land and over sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

196

(213 Ch. & H.) S. M.

O THOU who didst prepare
The ocean's sounding deep,
And bid the gath'ring waters there
In mighty concourse sweep :

2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Borne on the stormy wave,
 In measured sweep we go,
 Nor dread th' unfathomable grave
 That ever yawns below.
- 4 Jesus is nigh who trod
 Of old that foaming spray,
 Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God,
 And died in calm away.
- 5 Though swells the threatening tide
 Mounting to heaven above,
 We know in whom our souls confide,
 And fearless trust his love.
- 6 Snatch'd from a darker deep,
 And waves of wilder foam,
 Thou, Lord, our trusting souls shall keep
 And waft them safely home ;
- 7 Home where no tempests sound,
 Nor angry waters roar,
 Nor troublous billows heave around
 Th' eternal, peaceful shore.

497

(214 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
 Robed in his own glorious light;
God hath robed him, and he reigneth;
 He hath girded him with might :
 Hallelujah !
God is King in depth and height.

2 Lord ! the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have raised their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore :
 Hallelujah !

From the ocean's sounding store.

3 With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah !
Songs of ocean never sleep.

- 4 Lord ! the words thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity ;
Of thine high, eternal dwelling,
Holiness shall inmate be :
Hallelujah !
Pure is all that lives with thee.

498

(222 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

"These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

Funerals.

499

(215 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- Drafts made of 269*
- A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

500

(221 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- T**HE voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 At midnight came the cry,
“ To meet thy God prepare ! ”
He woke — and caught his Captain’s eye,
Then strong in faith and prayer,
- 4 His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.
- 5 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And life’s long warfare clos’d at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Holy Matrimony.

501

(213 A.N.C. & M.) S. M.

“ Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.”

- H**OW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana’s hall
To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom’s heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne’er shall pass away.
- 5 Oh bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side.

SELECTED HYMNS.

6 Before thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore ;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore. Amen.

Ember Days.

502

(215 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness."

L ORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And thine ordainéd servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when they stand,
 To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
 Let all thy Church's pastors be.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
 Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love :

3 To love, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
 To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.

4 So, when their work is finished here,
 They may in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

503

(216 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Unto every one of us is given grace ; according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
 The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine,
And kindled by thy hidden fires,
 The soul to highest aims aspires.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Thy Priests with wisdom, Lord, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew ;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O thou the source of life and light
- 3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know ;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.
- 4 Protect thy Church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of thy righteousness.
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Nativity of St. John Baptist.

504

(251 A.N.C. & M.) II. 4.

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

L O ! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong ;
The voice that cries
 Of Christ from high,
 And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

- 2 Your God e'en now doth stand
 At heaven's opening door,
His fan is in his hand,
 And he will purge his floor ;
The wheat he claims
 And with him stows,
 The chaff he throws
To quenchless flames.

SELECTED HYMNS.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads ;
Make his way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

4 May thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

5 O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Thy soldiers for the fight,
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

Saint Michael and all Angels.

505

(253 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

'O praise the Lord all ye his hosts ; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.'

PRAISE to God who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love ;
All the armies of the sky
Worship his dread sovereignty.

2 Seraphim his praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, dominions, princes, powers,
Ranks of might that never cowers.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Angel hosts his word fulfil,
Ruling nature by his will ;
Round his throne Archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state ;
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.
- 5 On the throne our Lord who died
Sits in Manhood glorified ;
Where his people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.
- 6 Oh the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign !
- 7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

506

(254 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them
who shall be heirs of salvation?"

THEY come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

- 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.
- 3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'T is yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
" O Christian soul, in peace depart."

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Blest Jesu, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn thine Angels' aid ;
- 5 An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie ;
And by thine own Almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above, and all below,
Let joyful praise unceasing flow. Amen.

All Saints' Day.

507

(255 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand,
Each a golden crown is wearing,—
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven
Sore with woe and anguish tried ;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting,
Day and night at his command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face. Amen.

508

(256 **Anc. & M.**) **P. M.**

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

- O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storrest in thy walls.
- 2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing ;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.
- 3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb the light that shineth
And never goeth down.
- 4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us ;
Our longings thither tend ;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

SELECTED HYMNS.

6 To Christ the sun that lightens
 His church above, below ;
To Father and to Spirit
 All things created bow. Amen.

Apostles.

509

(257 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
 The Apostles' glory, let us sing ;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
 Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

- 2 For they the churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.
- 3 Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.
- 4 In them the Father's glory shone,
In them the will of God the Son,
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.
- 5 To thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That thou wouldest join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

510

(258 Anc. & M.) IV. 1.

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words into the end of the world."

DISPOSER Supreme,
 And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine
 The weak and the poor ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Intrusting thy riches
Which aye shall endure ;
- 2 Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree
Are broken and gone ;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.
- 3 Like clouds are they borne
To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go ;
The Word with his wisdom
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.
- 4 Their sound goeth forth,
“ Christ Jesus the Lord : ”
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall :
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.
- 5 Oh, loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin !
The lights thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within !

SELECTED HYMNS.

6 All honour, and praise,
Dominion, and might,
To God Three in One
Eternally be,
Who round us hath shed
His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see. Amen.

Evangelists.

511

(260 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

BEHOLD the messengers of Christ,
Who sow in every place
The unveiled mysteries of God,
The gospel of his grace.

- 2 The things, thro' mists and shadows dim,
By holy prophets seen,
In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.
- 3 What Christ, true Man, divinely wrought,
What God in manhood bore,
They wrote as God inspired in words
That live for evermore.
- 4 Although in space and time apart,
One Spirit ruled them all :
And in their sacred pages still
We hear that Spirit's call.
- 5 To God, the Blessed Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and might,
Who called us from the shades of death
To his own glorious light. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

512

(261 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"And a River went out of Eden to water the garden : and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy gospels shriñed ;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

- 2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear ;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters ;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.
- 3 Oh ! that we thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may thy love adore ;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

Martyrs, etc.

513

(262 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light :
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 'Mid pastures green he 'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.
- 7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

514

(264 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried
he shall receive the crown of life."

O GOD, thy soldiers' great reward,
Their Portion, Crown, and faithful Lord,
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing thy martyr's victory.

- 2 By wisdom taught he learned to know
The vanity of all below,
The fleeting joys of earth disdained,
And everlasting glory gained.
- 3 Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore ;
For thee he poured his life away,
With thee he lives in endless day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 We therefore pray thee, Lord of love,
 Regard us from thy throne above ;
 On this thy martyr's triumph-day,
 Wash every stain of sin away.
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
 Whom with the Spirit we adore
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

515

(265.Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

FOR man the Saviour shed
 His all-atoning blood,
And oh, shall ransomed man refuse
 To suffer for his God ?

- 2 Ashamed who now can be
 To own the Crucified ?
Nay, rather be our glory this,
 To die for him who died.
- 3 So felt thy martyr, Lord ;
 By thy right hand sustained,
He waged for thee the battle's strife,
 And threatened death disdained.
- 4 Upon the golden crown
 Gazing, with eager breath,
He fought as one who fain would die,
 And, dying, conquer death.
- 5 Alone he stood unmoved
 Amid his cruel foes ;
Oh ! wondrous was the might that then
 Above his torturers rose.
- 6 Lord, give us grace to bear
 Like him our cross of shame,
To do and suffer what thou wilt,
 For love of thy dear Name.

SELECTED HYMNS.

7 Jesu, the King of saints,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

516

(267 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

NOT by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in heaven has won ;
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

- 2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel ?
Yet daily to the world he died ;
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.
- 3 What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore ?
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.
- 4 Lord, grant us so to thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
Rejoice with thee for evermore.
- 5 O Fount of sanctity and love !
O perfect Rest of saints above !
All praise, all glory be to thee,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

517

(270 Anc. & M.) S. M.

" I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

A N exile for the faith
Of his incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead ;
There Judah's Lion and the Lamb,
That for our ransom bled ;
- 3 There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime ;
How, sown in martyr's blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- 4 Lord, give us grace, like him,
In thee to live and die ;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.
- 5 Jesu, our risen Lord,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

518

(271 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils."

SON of the Highest, deign to cast
On us a pitying eye,
Thou who repentant Magdalene
Didst call to joys on high.

- 2 The long-lost coin is stored at length
In treasure-house divine,
The precious gem from filth is cleansed,
And doth the stars outshine.
- 3 Jesu, the balm of every wound,
The sinner's only stay,
Grant us, like Magdalene, to weep
In this thy mercy's day.
- 4 Absolve us by thy gracious word,
Fulfil us with thy love,
And guide us through the storms of life
To perfect rest above.

SELECTED HYMNS.

5 All praise, all glory be to thee,
One everlasting Lord,
Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,
Whose bounty doth reward. Amen.

519

(273 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"And they glorified God in me."

FOR thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to die,
And found in thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesu, thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for thee.

5 All might, all praise be thine,
Father, coequal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Invitation.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

520

(158 Anc. & M.) C. M.

ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart :
 Oh ! to that heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;
 Ye hear his words so blest ;
“ All ye that labour, come to me,
 And I will give you rest.”
- 4 O Jesus ! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here ;
Attracted by those loving words,
 To thee I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
 Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
 And better heart bestow. Amen.

521

(165 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up
his cross, and follow me.”

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
 If thou would’st my disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after me.

- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
 And calmly every danger brave :
 ’T will guide thee to a better home,
 And lead to victory o’er the grave.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- 6 To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend :
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

Amen.

522

(222 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
And his heart with love runs o'er ;
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd !
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him — venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name ;
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

523

(223 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown !
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows from him alone.

- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies :

SELECTED HYMNS

All who taste it
Shall to joys immortal rise.

524

(224 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LO! Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

- 2 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 3 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 4 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Oh! come, there yet is room.

525

(225 Ch. & H.) L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long — is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 O lovely Visitor ! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands :
O matchless kindness, for he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove my friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners — yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

526

(226 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

COME unto Christ, ye weary,
And he will give you rest ;
Like the belov'd disciple,
Come, lean upon his breast ;
There, free from every sorrow,
Come, and forget your care ;
For sin shall ne'er o'ercome you,
Nor grief oppress you there.

- 2 Hear what the Lord hath spoken,
Your great, unchanging Friend,
Whose word can ne'er be broken,
Whose love shall never end ;
Whoe'er my word receiving,
Comes, without fear or doubt,
Repenting and believing,
“ I will not cast him out ! ”

- 3 Say not, ye are too evil
So great a boon to crave ;
'T was sinners, not the righteous,
He stooped from heaven to save ;
Then come, ye heavy laden !
From all your sorrows cease ;
Come, rest upon his promise,
Believe, and be at peace.

527

(229 Ch. & H.) P. M.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
To sing the Saviour's dying love ;
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road :
Will you go ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 We haste to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous strain to praise his Name ;
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share :
 Will you go ?
- 3 We go to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre ;
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring :
 Will you go ?
- 4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In the blest house there still is room ;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He will thy troubled soul relieve :
 Will you go ?

Prayer.

528

(232 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn,
 To thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye can all our wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall all vain loves expel,
 That fear all fear beside.
- 3 And since by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not to our wish, but to our want,
 Do thou thy gifts supply ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

529

(233 Ch. & H.) L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

530

(234 Ch. & H.) P. M.

MY spirit longeth for thee
To dwell within my breast,
Though I am all unworthy
Of so divine a guest !

- 2 Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be ;
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee !
- 3 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.
- 4 No rest is to be found
But in thy bleeding love :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Oh ! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above !

531

(236 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near :
We perish if we cease from prayer,
Oh ! grant us power to pray ;
And, when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

- 2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
God of all grace, we bring to thee
The broken, contrite heart :
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live ;
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;
- 4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay :
Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

532

(237 Ch. & H.) T. M.

A. M., 313

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To Heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me."

533

(238 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

Wrestling Jacob. — Genesis xxxii: 24-32.

PART I.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay
 And wrestle till the break of day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
 Look on thy hands and read it there ;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy Name and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold !
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name !
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
 To know it now, resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name and nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain
 And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
 When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART II.

- 1 Yield to me now, for I am weak ;
 But confident in self-despair :
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy Name is Love.
- 2 'T is Love ! 't is Love ! thou diedst for me :
 I hear thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal love thou art :

SELECTED HYMNS.

To me, to all, thy mercies move,
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;

Through faith I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face, and live !

In vain I have not wept and strove :
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :

Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me

Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings ;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy Name is love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh

I halt till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;

Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way ;
And as a bounding hart fly home ;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

(187 A.N.C. & M.) C. M.

"Lord, help me."

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesu, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be. Amen.

535

(189 ANC. & M.) P. M.

“Lord, save us.”

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children’s cry.

- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, Holy Jesus !
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

Repentance.

(239 Ch. & H.) L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live,
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save the trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

537 (242 Ch. & H.) C. M.
DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares so oft betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

- 4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The deep, repentant sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.
- 5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to see thy face,
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet
 Thy condescending grace.

538

(243 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

DOES the gospel word proclaim
 Rest for those that weary be ?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
 Sure that promise speaks to thee :
Marks of grace I cannot show,
 All polluted is my best ;
But I weary am, I know,
 And the weary long for rest.

- 2 Burdened with a load of sin,
 Harassed with tormenting doubt,
 Hourly conflicts from within,
 Hourly crosses from without ;
All my little strength is gone,
 Sink I must without supply ;
Sure upon the earth there 's none
 Can more weary be than I.

- 3 In the ark the roving dove
 Found a welcome resting-place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
 Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
 And the flood increases fast ;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
 Till the storm be overpast !

SELECTED HYMNS.

539

(244 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upward to the mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from out my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !
And all my sins forgive ;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

540

(245 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- MY God, when at thy throne I bend,
And humbly sue for mercy there,
For me behold the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.
- 2 Remember not my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine ;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.
- 4 No claim, no worth, O Lord, I plead :
Thy free unbounded grace I crave ;
And oh ! if great my guilt and need,
The greater, Lord, thy grace to save.

SELECTED HYMNS.

541

(248 Ch. & H.) P. M.

Faith. *Einfeste Bing.*
mercer 481

A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,
 On which our souls are planted :
 And though the fierce foe rage abroad,
 Our hearts are nothing daunted.

What though he beset,
 With weapon and net,
 Array'd in death-strife ?
 In God are help and life :
 He is our sword and armour.

- 2 By our own might we nought can do ;
 To trust it were sure losing ;
 For us must fight the Right and True,
 The Man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask for his name ?
 Christ Jesus we claim ;
 The Lord God of hosts ;
 The only God : — vain boasts
 Of others fall before him.

- 3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
 The world with hostile forces ?
 E'en then our fears should all be still'd :
 In God are our resources.
 The world and its king
 No terrors can bring :
 Their threats are no worth :
 Their doom is now gone forth :
 A single word can quell them.

- 4 God's word through all shall have free sway,
 And ask no man's permission :
 The Spirit and his gifts convey
 Strength to defy perdition.
 The body to kill,
 Wife, children, at will,
 The wicked have power :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Yet lasts it but an hour !
The kingdom 's ours forever !

542

(249 Ch. & H.) L. M.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge his saints to hell ?
'T is Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And their infernal foes to quell,
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there,
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,
Nor death nor hell can us destroy.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or separate us from his love.

543

(251 Ch. & H.) L. M.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes ; and I will and must esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

544

(252 Ch. & H.) L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long has been,
In that I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove with sin, the more
I felt the guilty weight I bore,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul ; I am the way.”
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb !
Shalt take me, for thine own I am !
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love can me receive.

545

(253 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,

SELECTED HYMNS.

My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine :
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

- 2 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The balm to heal my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.
3 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
My joy, when coming griefs appal ;
 My life in death, my all in all.

546

(255 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my God hath done,
 And suffered ev'n for me.

- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 His spotless righteousness I plead,
 And his availing blood ;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
 That merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.
3 Then save me from eternal death,
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 “ Thy Maker is thy Friend.”

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away ;
Unloosed from earth, and earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

547

(261 Ch. & H.) P. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me !
For I am weary and opprest ;
I come to cast myself on thee ;
Thou art my rest.

- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
Oh ! shed thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies ;
Thou art my rock.
- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee — my terrors cease ;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
Thou art my life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

SELECTED HYMNS.

548

(166 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

B EHOLD the Lamb of God !

O thou for sinners slain,

Let it not be in vain

That thou hast died ;

Thee for my Saviour let me take,

My only refuge let me make

Thy pierced side,

2 Behold the Lamb of God !

Into the sacred flood

Of thy most precious blood

My soul I cast :

Wash me and make me clean within,

And keep me pure from every sin,

Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God !

All hail, incarnate Word,

Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest ;

Fill us with love that never faints,

Grant us with all thy blessed saints

Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God !

Worthy is he alone,

That sitteth on the throne

Of God above :

One with the Ancient of all days,

One with the Comforter in praise,

All light and love. Amen.

549

(177 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Thou art a place to hide me in."

J ESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.
- 2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.
- 3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.
- 4 Death will come one day to me ;
Jesu, cast me not from thee.
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

550

(186 ANC. & M.) II. 1.

"Casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you."

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

- 2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props and simply fall
On thine Almighty arms !
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 We cannot trust him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a Father's will
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

Wope.

551

(263 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

O COME, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who bear your burdens still ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

552

(264 Ch. & H.) S. M.

THY way is in the sea ;
Thy paths we cannot trace ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above !

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight :
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
And see thee face to face.

553

(266 Ch. & H.) L. M.

March 20
WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

SELECTED HYMNS.

554

(267 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- 1 GOD ! my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord ! shall guide my feet
Through all this desert place ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Yea, to draw near to thee, my God !
Shall be my sweet employ :
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

555

(268 Ch. & H.) P. M.

1 SOON and forever !
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust.
Soon and forever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er ;
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and forever.

2 Soon and forever

The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon and forever,
We 'll see as we 're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been ;
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.
Where tears and where fears,
And where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and forever.

556

(269 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

O H, glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for a moment feast
With Christ, his priests, and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow :

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

557

(270 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MY Saviour, on the word of truth,
In earnest hope I live !
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give,
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine ;
But chiefly long to walk with thee,
And only trust in thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest

As thou wouldest have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in thee ;
And still I seek 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpress'd,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as thou wilt with me

Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust.
Until I find, O Lord ! in thee,
The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which thy own redeem'd
Go nowhere else to seek.

4 Then, O my Saviour ! on my soul,

Cast down but not dismay'd,
Still be thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid :
And while I wait for all thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with thee,
And at thy feet sit still.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Love.

558

(275 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HARK ! my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'T is thy Saviour — hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? ”

- 2 “ I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou me ? ”
- 6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
Oh ! for grace to love thee more.

559

(276 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

Mercer 166

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light ;
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till rest it find in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive ;
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.
- 4 O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy dutous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

560

(277 Ch. & H.) C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each hateful idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will
And make thy glory known ?
- 6 Thou knowest, yea, thou knowest, Lord ;
Yet, oh ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joy,
And learn to love thee more.

561

(278 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

*Merch. 79
P.H. 176*

- LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Live in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all thy peace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine host above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy boundless love.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly restored in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven our songs we raise ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

562

(280 Ch. & H.) L. M.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And look the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh ! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
. A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity !

563

(283 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on thy holy shrine.

- 2 Love, I know, accepteth nought,
Save what thou, O love, hast wrought ;
Offer thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Slay in me the wayward will ;
Earthly sense and passion kill ;
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Let me choose the better part.
- 4 Mighty Love, the flame inspire,
Quick consume me in thy fire ;
Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but thee within me left.

564

(143 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”

O LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how high
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 Nor willed he only to appear ;
His pleasure was to tarry here :
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

- 4 For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptation sharp he knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.
- 5 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.
- 6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up his breath.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 7 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 8 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

565

(147 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

JESU, thy mercies are untold
Through each returning day ;
Thy love excels a thousand-fold
Whatever we can say :

- 2 That love which in thy Passion drained
For us thy precious blood :
That love whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.
- 3 'T is thou hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.
- 4 Lord, grant us while on earth we stay
Thy love to feel and know ;
And when from hence we pass away
To us thy glory show. Amen.

566

(148 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"The communion of the Holy Ghost."

O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our iron hearts
With fire from heaven above.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 As thou in bond of love dost join
 The Father and the Son,
 So fill us all with mutual love,
 And knit our hearts in one.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
 All glory to the Son,
 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

567

(157 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

JESU, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
 The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.

PART II.

- 1 O Jesu, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesu, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire ;
- 4 Jesu, may all confess thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore ;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.
- 5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

PART III.

- 1 O Jesu, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above ;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.
- 2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
Who eat thee, hunger still ;
Who drink of thee still feel a void,
Which nought but thou can fill.
- 3 O most sweet Jesu, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send ;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.
- 4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart ;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

SELECTED HYMNS.

5 Jesu, our love and joy, to thee,
The virgin's holy Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run. Amen.

568

(159 Anc. & M.) . M.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

O CHRIST, who dost prepare a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward ;
How transient is our present pain !
How boundless our eternal gain !

3 With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art ;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

5 O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored ;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

569

(171 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"God is love."

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
 On me thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as man was born,
 And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
 That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be. Amen.

570

(178 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee ; and there is none upon earth
 that I desire in comparison of thee."

JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling place
 Pour down the riches of thy grace ;
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love thee more and more.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Jesu, too late I thee have sought,
How can I love thee as I ought ?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy Name ?
 Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love thee more and more.
- 3 Jesu, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought ;
 Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore.
 O make me love thee more and more.
- 4 Jesu, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
 Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love thee more and more.

Amen.

571

(188 ANC. & M.) L. M.

“Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is: brethren, to dwell together in unity.”

O LORD, how joyful 't is to see
 The brethren join in love to thee ;
On thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

- 2 How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer,
- 3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.
- 4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to thee,

SELECTED HYMNS.

With hearts to thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

572

(195 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"The everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."

TO Christ, the Prince of peace
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore.

That love which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

3 O Jesu, victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine ?

4 O fount of endless life,
O spring of water clear ;

O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near !

5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly ;

There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality. Amen.

573

(199 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away
from her."

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

4 Forever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Praise.

574

(136 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.”

A LL people that on earth do dwell.
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
 Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

575

(156 Anc. & M.) IV. 1.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious ; thou art clothed with majesty and honour."

O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,

SELECTED HYMNS.

In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

4 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love :
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise. Amen.

576

(174 Anc. & M.) III. 3.

"O praise the Lord of heaven ; praise him in the height."

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light :
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken :
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his Name ! Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

577

(198 Anc. & M.) III. 5.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me praise his Holy Name."

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring,
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favour

To our fathers in distress ;

Praise him still the same as ever,

Slow to chide, and swift to bless :

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us ;

Well our feeble frame he knows ;

In his hands he gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes ;

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore him !

Ye behold him face to face ;

Saints triumphant bow before him !

Gathered in from every race.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Praise with us the God of grace.

Amen.

578

(67 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"And again they said, Alleluia."

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die ;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free ;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee :
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below ;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego ;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, Blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky :
There to thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

579

(285 Ch. & H.) C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues.
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the glorious Name
 Of him that sitteth on the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

580

(287 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till glory wake a loftier song.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty, done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
 The blest succession of thy praise,
 And unborn ages still prolong
 The joy and burden of the song.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds !
 Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds :
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

581

(288 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

P. H. 44

ALLELUIA ! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above !
Alleluia ! thou repeatest,
 Angel host, these notes of love !
 This ye utter
 While your golden harps ye move.

- 2 Alleluia ! church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

- 3 Alleluia ! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn :
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn :
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see !
Alleluia !
Ours at length this strain shall be !

582

(291 Ch. & H.) P. M.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless ;
Come, give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

- 4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
Thy sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Fop.

583

(294 Ch. & H.) S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his word

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

584

(295 Ch. & H.) S. M.

A WAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Who liveth evermore ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say, H
“ Ye blessed children, come ! ”
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

585

(297 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- H**OW rich thy favours God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

- 3 Jesus the herald of his love
Displays the radiant prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our adoring eyes.

- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

Peace.

586

(299 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O** THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

- 2 My heart reposing on thy love,
All scenes alike engaging prove ;
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
At home, abroad, on land or sea.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since thou art there.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding thee in all.

587

(300 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While his hands uphold and guide.

- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to him unknown ;
He to-day, and he to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own.
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen ;
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

588

(302 Ch. & H.) III. 4.

QUIET, Lord, my foward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free.
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'T is enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.

589

(303 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resign'd to thee ?
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise ?

2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below ?
Only guided by thy light ?
 Only mighty in thy might ?

3 Fully let my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

Trials.

590

(307 Ch. & H.) P. M.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resign'd beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power ;
A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege ; and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 O blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes ;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks ;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and earth obeys.

591

(308 Ch. & H.) P. M.

A LMIGHTY God ! I call to thee,
By sore temptation shaken ;
Incline thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken ;
For who that feels the power within
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord before thee ?

- 2 On thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting,
Relying on thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting ;
I rest upon thy sacred word,
That thou 'lt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy fleeth.
- 3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow ;
Forgetting not that thou of old,
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold ;
When weakest then most loving !
- 4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater ;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator ;
And he my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I 'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer.

592

(310 Ch. & H.) C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat :
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

593

(311 Ch. & H.) C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave !
 Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
 We know the Lord can save.

- 2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
 And pressed on every side,
 The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
 And still hath been our guide.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
 He will restore our peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ;
He 's more to us than all the world, —
 Our health, our life, our God.

594

(313 Ch. & H.) S. M.

Amaz.
YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

SELECTED HYMNS.

595

(314 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

Maur. 378

FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty Lord of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore ;
 By thy suffering, O be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain ;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.

- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In the days of flesh below ;
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe ;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised beneath the hand of God.
- 3 By thy dread, unknown temptation,
 In that dark, Satanic hour ;
 By thy last, mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the tempter's power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me !
 By thy precious death assuring,
 My poor dying soul befriend,
 And with patience, all enduring,
 Make me faithful to the end.

SELECTED HYMNS.

596

(315 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill :
Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still."
- 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

597

(316 Ch. & H.) L. M.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love ;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above :

- 2 Jesus, the weary wand'r'r's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With trustful love and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill :
Though bitter to the taste it be,
It hath the power to heal me still.

- 4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
That I each murmur'ring thought may shun ;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Speak to my warring passions, Peace ;
 Say to my trembling heart, Be still ;
Thy power can bid the conflict cease,
 For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now
 Thy boasted victory, O grave ?
Who shall contend with God ? or how
 Can he be hurt whom God will save ?

598

(317 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THOU art my hiding place, O Lord !
 In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
 A feeble child of dust.

- 2 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea,
And 't is enough — the Saviour died,
 The Saviour died for me.
- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
 And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil.
- 4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
 My spirit flies to thee ;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me.
- 5 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
 Is ebbing fast away ;
- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak
 “ My Saviour died for me.”

SELECTED HYMNS.

599

(318 Ch. & H.) C. M.

NOW to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly ;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For oh ! the storm is high.

- 2 Protect me from the furious blast,
My shield and shelter be ;
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock its shade doth spread,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 5 In all the times of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been ;
And, in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.
- 6 How swift to save me didst thou move,
In every trying hour ;
Oh ! still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

600

(320 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
 The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
- 4 Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight
 From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share.

601

(321 Ch. & H.) S. M.

OH, lead me to the rock
 That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

- 2 Within thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I 'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.
- 3 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy Name ;
If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

602

(324 Ch. & H.) S. M.

Mercer 282

THOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress ;
The mind which still on thee is stay'd,
 Is kept in perfect peace.

- 2 The soul by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
 An everlasting rest.
- 3 It hallows every cross ;
 It sweetly comforts me ;
Makes me forget my every loss.
 And find my all in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 5 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one ;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

603

(140 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Lord, remember me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 If on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart :
Good Lord, remember me.

3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Good Lord, remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Jesu, receive my parting breath :
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

604

(144 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

()H, what if we are Christ's
Is earthly shame or loss ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here :

5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

605

(170 A.N.C. & M.) P. M.

“Thy will be done.”

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say
“Thy will be done.”

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
“Thy will be done.”

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Submissive would I still reply,
“Thy will be done.”

- 4 If thou should’st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne’er was mine ;
I only yield thee what is thine ;
“Thy will be done.”
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
“Thy will be done.”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done.” Amen.

606

(190 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

- 2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping
Though none else is near.
- 3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
- 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- 5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7 Jesu, holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with thy favour,
Fill us with thy love. Amen.

607

(233 Anc. & M.) L.M.

"Thou that hearest the prayer ; unto thee shall all flesh come."

WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought ;

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee
For rescue from our misery :

3 To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

4 For thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee,
Through him whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo ! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.

6 Ah, hide not, for our sins, thy face,
Absolve us through thy boundless grace,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord. Amen.

608

(234 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble."

GOD of our life, to thee we call,
Afflicted at thy feet we fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever sinner plead with thee,
And thou reject his lowly plea ?
Does not thy word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us thy pitying eye :
To thee their prayer thy people make,
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Christian Life.

609

(141 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King ;
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart ;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.
- 5 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

610

(146 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make ;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands he hath freed.

- 2 Yes ; none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death, but victory,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Jesu, who dost descend
To be called the sinner's friend,
Hear us as to thee we pray,
Glorying in thy Name to-day.
- 6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, holy Son, to thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host. Amen.

611

(169 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

- LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done ;
• For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
• Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the Living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest ;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.
- 5 Jesu, be thou our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen

612

(175 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

- OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 4 Onward then to glory move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise :
Holy Jesus, praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

613

(176 ANC. & M.) S. M..

‘My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee ; in a barren and dry land where no water is.’

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father’s breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

- 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
- 3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints’ abode ?
- 4 God of my life, be near,
On thee my hopes I cast,

SELECTED HYMNS.

O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

614

(183 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

- 1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven. Amen.

615

(184 ANC. & M.) S. M.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his Name.

- 3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid his angel-band.
- 6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

616

(326 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

Mercer, 376

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue :
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Men may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal gates before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

617

(329 Ch. & H.) C. M.

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !
The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at thy command !
The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at thy hand !

- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
 To watch before thy gate,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight ;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

- 3 Thus may I serve thee, gracious Lord !
 Thus ever thine alone ;
My soul and body given to thee,
 The purchase thou hast won :
Through evil and through good report
 Still waiting at thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified !
- 4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly !
How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company !
And ever where the Master is,
 There shall his servants be.

618

(330 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THOU, whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
 Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?

- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
 That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood ;
Safe on these hills, my soul would roam,
Till my beloved leads me home.

619

(333 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2. Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 3 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many years have pass'd since then ;
Many changes have I seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 5 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last !
- 6 No ! I must maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

620

(334 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his Name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's enraptured eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

621

(336 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O**LORD thy counsels and thy care
My safety and my comfort are :
And thou shalt guide me through my race,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 2 On whom but thee, in heaven above,
Can I repose my trust, or love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 My flesh is hast'ning to decay ;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail ?
- 4 But O ! my Saviour, be thou nigh,
And I will triumph when I die ;
My strength, my portion, is divine ;
And Jesus is for ever mine !

Devotion.

Morning.

622

(2 ANC. & M.) L. M.

" His compassions fail not : they are new every morning."

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

623

(3 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

O JESU, Lord of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name,
And his Almighty grace implore
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May he our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control :
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day ;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noon tide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.
- 7 All praise to God the Father be ;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

624

(5 ANC. & M.) III. 4.

"Unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

The Third Hour.

625

(7 Anc. & M.) L. M.

' It is but the third hour of the day.'

COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son ;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With thy full flood of holiness.

- 2 In word and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, thy praise be sung ;
May love enwrap our mortal frame,
And others catch the living flame.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Sixth Hour.

626

(8 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"At noonday will I pray."

O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Brightening the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noon-day's fiery beams;

- 2 Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
From passion's heat preserve our life,
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And give our souls true peace in thee.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

The Ninth Hour.

627

(9 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"The hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."

O GOD, of all the strength and power,
Who dost unmoved each passing hour
Through all its changes guide the day,
From early morn to evening's ray;

- 2 Brighten life's eventide with light
That ne'er shall set in gloom of night;
Till we a holy death attain
And everlasting glory gain.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Sunday Morning.

628

(348 CH. & H.) C. M.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !
- 3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

Evening.

(12 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"O look thou upon me and be merciful unto me."

A S now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend ;
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

- 2 Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched
To draw thy people nigh ;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

(13 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

B EFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That thou with wonted love wouldest keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 O let no evil dreams be near,
Nor phantoms of the night appear ;
Our ghostly enemy restrain,
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

631

(15 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;
- 5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

SELECTED HYMNS.

7 One Sacred Trinity !
One Lord divine !
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine. Amen.

632

(16 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

"I will lay lay me down in peace and take my rest."

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesu, thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last. Amen.

633

(17 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

"The Lord is my light."

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release :

SELECTED HYMNS.

And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call ;
O let thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

634

(18 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

God, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,

SELECTED HYMNS.

May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high. Amen.

635

(19 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,
be honour and glory for ever and ever."

O TRINITY, most Blessed Light,
O Unity of Princely Might,
As now the fiery sun departs
Shed thou thy beams within our hearts.

2 To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise ;
Thee may our heart and voice adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

636

(83 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"I am the light of the world."

O CHRIST, who art the Light and Day,
Thy beams chase night's dark shades away ;
The very Light of Light thou art,
Who dost that blessed Light impart.

2 All-Holy Lord to thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend,
And grant us calm repose in thee,
A quiet night from perils free.

3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor secret foe the heart possess,
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
And make us in thy sight impure.

4 Light slumber let our eyelids take,
The heart to thee be still awake ;
And thy right hand protection be
To those who love and trust in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 O Lord, our strong defence, be nigh ;
Bid all the powers of darkness fly ;
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,
Whom thou hast purchased with thy blood.
- 6 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
Whilst burdened in the flesh we stay ;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.
- 7 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to thee,
That thou wouldest now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

637

(149 A.N.C. & M.) C. M.

‘Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.’

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord ;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
- 4 O how I fear thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
 With me, thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
 What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And ever gaze on thee ! Amen.

638

(343 Ch. & H.) L. M.

OH ! timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
 Which evermore makes all things new !

- 2 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 6 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

639

(344 Ch. & H.) L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my almighty refuge lives.

- 2 He lives — the everlasting God
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day :
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit nor slumber, nor surprise.

640

(345 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SOURCE of light and life divine,
 Who dost make the light to shine ;
 Who didst deck creation's birth,
 Light from darkness calling forth :

- 2 Shade of eve and morning ray,
 Who didst join and name them day ;
 Darksome night again draws nigh,
 Listen to our suppliant cry.
- 3 Let us not, by sin deprest,
 Lose the way to endless rest ;
 Let no thoughts impure and vain,
 Down to earth our spirits chain.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
 Where our dearest treasure lies ;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Help us win the prize of life.

SELECTED HYMNS.

641

(351 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

*Mercy 17
P.H. 1*

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

642

(352 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

643

(353 Ch. & H.) S. M.

Mercy 465-

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

644

(355 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

Parting.

FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship thee again.

645

(356 Ch. & H.) C. M.

SAVIOUR! in mercy hear the sighs
 Which unto thee we send ;
 To thee our inmost spirit cries,
 Our life, our hope, our end !

- 2 Abide with us, and with thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
 Dispel the darkness of our night,
 Bring in thy day of bliss.

646

(358 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

Saturday Evening. Mercer. 25

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On th' approaching holy day ;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand ;
 Guarded by almighty pow'r,
 Fed, and guided by his hand :
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 And repaying love with sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'nng grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Drive away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear :

SELECTED HYMNS.

There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

- 5 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints ;
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the church above.

For Children.

647

(362 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE morning bright,
 With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
 Father, I own,
 Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide ;
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 Oh ! make thy rest
 Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

648

(365 Ch. & H.) C. M.

A LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night :
And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 't is writ,
 Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
 Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

649

(366 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us ;
 Bless thy little lambs to-night :
Through the darkness be thou near us ;
 Keep us safe till morning light.

- 2 All this day thy hand has led us,
 And we thank thee for thy care ;
Kindly thou hast clothed us, fed us,
 Listen to our evening prayer !
- 3 May our sins be all forgiven ;
 Bless the friends we love so well ;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

650

(367 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
 As I am taught to do,

SELECTED HYMNS.

God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.
- 3 Oh, let me never, never dare
 To act a trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 That comes not from the heart.
- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

651

(368 Ch. & H.) P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek ;
 For no one marked an angry word
 That ever heard him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer
 Alone upon the mountain-top,
 He met his Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus,
 For never do I find
 That he, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that of me it may be said,
 “ She hath done what she could.”
- 5 Alas ! I 'm not like Jesus,
 As any one may see ;
O, gentle Saviour, send thy grace
 And make me like to thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Death.

652

(392 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

Mercur. 469

- HARK ! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die !
They from all their toils are freed ;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before ;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door ;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.

653

(396 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- WHY should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

SELECTED HYMNS.

654

(398 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
Deepening through the vale of death,
Yet I will not be afraid,
But, with my departing breath,
I will glory in my God,
In my Saviour I will trust,
Strengthen'd by his staff and rod,
While this body falls to dust.

- 2 Soon on wings, on wings of love,
My transported soul shall rise,
Like the home-returning dove,
Vanishing through boundless skies ;
Then, where death shall be no more,
Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
All my days of mourning o'er,
In his presence I shall rest.

655

(401 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THERE is a good and pleasant land,
On this side Jordan's stream ;
Where happy saints delighted stand,
And bask in glory's beam.

- 2 Lord, let me know, before I die,
The wonders of thy hand ;
And let me see, with mortal eye,
That good and pleasant land.
- 3 And when thy sovereign voice shall say,
“ The world is not thy rest ;
Arise, depart, and come away,
To realms completely blest ; ”
- 4 Then shall my terrors all have ceased,
Thy footprints I shall see,
My Lord, my God, my great High-Priest,
And I will pass to thee !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 If I have found upon the way
A good and pleasant land ;
What shall I find, when I survey
The joys at thy right hand ?

656

(405 Ch. & H.) IV. 2.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose Name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

Heaven.

657

(412 Ch. & H.) C. M.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 O happy harbour of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !

SELECTED HYMNS.

In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

- 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee.
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun ;
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl :
O God ! if I were there !
- 5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity ?
- 6 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 7 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 8 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit ;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.
- 9 O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

658

(414 Ch. & H.) P. M.

JERUSALEM ! high tow'r thy glorious walls !
Would God I were in thee !
Desire of thee my longing heart enthrals,
Desire at home to be :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Wide from the world outleaping,
O'er hill and vale and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
Thy portals to attain.

2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour !

When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free pow'r
May use in going home ?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Father-land.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,

Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky
And reach the heav'nly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward trav'ller there ;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour ! thee I greet !

Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet ;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long weary way ;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,

Array'd in beauteous guise,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wond'ring eyes ?
The host of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band
That once has borne the cross,
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free ;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Array'd to welcome me.
- 7 One more at last arriv'd they welcome there,
To beauteous Paradise ;
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear
Or tongue for praise suffice ;
Glad hallelujahs ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.
- 8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstasy :
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song ;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

659

(417 Ch. & H.) P. M.

ETERNITY ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
And yet to thee time hastes away ;
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

2 Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
Even as on perfect sphere,
Nor end nor outset can appear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

E'en so, Eternity, in thee,
Entrance nor exit can there be.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

3 Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet leave thee then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

4 Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
How terrible art thou in woe,
How blest where joys forever flow !
God's mercy shedding gladness bright,
His judgment, bitterness, and night.
Ponder, O man, Eternity .

660

(23 ANC. & M.) L. M.

"There shall be no night there."

GREAT God, who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproach'd light,
Before whose presence angels bow
With faces veiled, in homage low ;

2 Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain ;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.

3 For thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
A day of gladness and reward ;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noon tide clear.

4 Too long, alas ! it still delays ;
It lingers yet, that day of days ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.

- 5 Then from its fleshly bonds set free
The soul shall fly, O God, to thee ;
To see thee, love thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.
- 6 Great Trinity, our hearts prepare,
The fulness of thy joy to share ;
Life's transient light may we improve,
And gain eternal light above. Amen.

661

(155 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

A LIVING stream, as crystal clear,
Welling from out the throne
Of God and of the Lamb on high,
The Lord to man hath shown.

- 2 This stream doth water paradise,
It makes the angels sing :
One precious drop within the heart
Is of all joy the spring :
- 3 Joy past all speech, of glory full,
But stored where none may know,
As manna hid in dewy heaven,
As pearls in ocean low.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor to man's heart hath come
What for those loving thee in truth
Thou hast in love's own home.
- 5 But by his Spirit he to us
The secret doth reveal ;
Faith sees and hears : but oh for wings
To touch, and taste, and feel :
- 6 Wings like a dove, to waft us on
High o'er the flood of sin !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Lord of the Ark, put forth thine hand
And take thy wanderers in.

- 7 Oh praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, through whom alone
Our hearts are raised to heaven. Amen.

662

(167 ANC. & M.) C. M.

"The things which are seen are temporal : but the things which are not seen are eternal."

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

663

(180 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 5 O Christ, do thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love ;
That I may see thee and adore,
With all thy saints above. Amen.

664

(182 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.
- 4 Look up ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

665

(243 ANC. & M.) P. M.

"I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move ;

- 2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory rounl thee shed,
Meet for him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionéd.

- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore ;
And by virtue of his merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

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